SEP 10 '34

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1934 — NUMBER 2

THE OPENING OF THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE
Lord Curzon at extreme right, beside Mussolini. Poincaré in left center. From "Curzon: the Last Phase."

Post-War Diplomacy

points of biography, history, and criticism it is hard to imagine a more satisfactory book than this, which will, I believe, be reckoned Mr. Nicolson's best so far. It is, in fact, its excellence in all three directions which makes it difficult for the reviewer to decide upon which aspect to concentrate.

On the side of biography the portrait of Nicolson's old chief, Lord Curzon, is singularly appealing; it is touched with affection, characterized by professional appreciation, and yet, in the end, marked by an accuracy which is devastating. As history it supplies a record of the confused and confusing years between the Armistice and Locarno which is by all odds the most intelligible yet written in any language. Finally the criticism of British policy in the first and decisive years not only illuminates the past but has a contemporary value, since the vital problem, which is French security, survives unsolved.

It is manifest that what Mr. Nicolson is undertaking to do is to explain why post-war diplomacy got us into our present mess or, at least, why it has been unable to get us out of it. His latest book is the third in the trilogy dealing with war and post-war diplomacy. The first was devoted to his father, Lord Carnock, who exemplified the older form, the second dealt with Lloyd George and the Paris Peace Conference, while in this final volume Lord Curzon is described as representing the transition from old to new.

This choice, I confess, strikes me as a little unconvincing. Actually Curzon must appear to most of us but one and not the most distinguished of the victims of that "misfortune of post-war diplomacy . . . that . . . found itself at the mercy of two formulas. The first was the Roman or aristocratic formula of authority. The second was the American or democratic formula of 'consent.'"

Much as he finds to admire and to praise in Curzon, Nicolson cannot and does not try to disguise the fact that his tenure of

(*Continued on page* 22)

A "Fantascientific"

MR. TAINE, who in private life is Professor Bell of the California Institute of Technology, has written a romantic-scientific thriller in the manner of Wells's early fantasies, and as good as all but the very best of them. Devotees of this type of fiction ("fantascience," the author calls it) will be hardly more interested in his picture of the end of the dinosaurs than in the means by which he gets it. Wells's Time Machine carried its rider bodily into the past or future, at the risk of disaster if he happened to arrive in space occupied by other matter; Stapledon's* Fifth Men dipped back into the past by psychic concentration, but they were countless millions of years ahead of us. Mr. Taine employs "television in time," based on the hypothesis that as light impinging on certain surfaces alters the atoms of which the surfaces are composed, every substance might retain a sort of photoelectric record of every event taking place in all the light that ever shone on it.

All this is worked out very plausibly, and the scenes in the projection laboratory of the American Television Corporation as Langtry the inventor, Sellar the archæologist, and Bronson the entrepreneur go over the record, will make you feel as if you were there too. It turns out that fossil plants give the best responses, so most of the book is devoted to the story that they tell—the decline and fall of the first great race that Nature evolved as lords of the earth. As "almost brainless feeding, fighting, and breeding machines" the dinosaurs were masterpieces; but they tore one another to pieces in ruthless battles, they were unable to defend themselves against insects; and they lacked the intelligence to adapt themselves to

(*Continued on page* 19)

* In his article entitled "Apocalyptical Literature" recently published in the *Saturday Review* Mr. Davis made reference to Olaf Stapledon's "Last Man and First." The book, originally published in this country by Cape & Smith, has several times been reported as out of print. It is, however, on the active list of Peter Smith, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

How I Write Short Stories*

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

WHEN I began to write short stories I was fortunately in a position of decent independence and I wrote them as a relief from work which I thought I had been too long concerned with. Most of them were written in groups from notes made as they occurred to me, and in each group I left naturally enough to the last those that seemed most difficult to write. A story is difficult to write when you do not know *all* about it from the beginning, but for part of it must trust to your imagination and experience. Sometimes the curve does not intuitively present itself and you have to resort to this method and that to get the appropriate line.

I beg the reader not to be deceived by the fact that a good many of my stories are told in the first person into thinking that they are experiences of my own. This is merely a device to gain verisimilitude. It is one that has its defects, for it may strike the reader that the narrator could not know all the events he sets forth; and and with such elaboration. Every convention has its disadvantages. These must be as far as possible disguised and what cannot be disguised must be accepted. The advantage of this one is its directness. It makes it possible for the writer to tell no more than he knows. Making no claim to omniscience, he can frankly say when a motive or an occurrence is unknown to him, and thus often give his story a plausibility that it might otherwise lack. It tends also to put the reader on intimate terms with the author. Since Maupassant and Chekhov, who tried so hard to be objective, nevertheless are so nakedly personal it has sometimes seemed to me that if the author can in no way keep himself out of his work it might be better if he put in as much of himself as possible. The danger is that he may put in too much and thus be as boring as a talker who insists on monopolizing the conversation. Like all conventions this one must be used with discretion.

In early youth I had written a number of short stories, but for a long time, twelve or fifteen years at least, occupied with the drama I had ceased to do so; and when a journey to the South Seas unexpectedly provided me with themes that seemed to suit this medium, it was as a beginner of over forty that I wrote the story which is now called "Rain." Since it caused some little stir the reader of this article will perhaps have patience with me if I transcribe the working notes, made at the time, on which it was constructed. They are written in hackneyed and slipshod phrases, without grace; for nature has not endowed me with the happy gift of hitting instinctively upon the perfect word to indicate an object and the unusual, but apt, adjective to describe it. I was travelling from Honolulu to Pago Pago and, hoping they might at some time be of service, I jotted down, as usual, my impressions of such of my fellow-passengers as attracted my attention. This is what I said of Miss Thompson:

> Plump, pretty in a coarse fashion, perhaps not more than twenty-seven. She wore a white dress and a large white hat, long white boots from which the calves bulged in cotton stockings.

There had been a raid on the Red Light district in Honolulu just before we sailed and the gossip of the ship spread the report that she was making the journey to escape arrest. My notes go on:

> *W. The Missionary.* He was a tall thin man, with long limbs loosely jointed, he had hollow cheeks and high cheek bones, his fine, large, dark eyes were deep in their sockets, he had full sensual lips, he wore his hair rather long. He had a cadaverous air and a look of suppressed fire. His hands were large, with long fingers, rather finely shaped. His naturally pale skin was deeply burned by the tropical sun. *Mrs. W. His Wife.* She was a little woman with her hair very

about her was her voice, high, metallic, and without inflection; it fell on the ear with a hard monotony, irritating to the nerves like the ceaseless clamor of a pneumatic drill. She was dressed in black and wore round her neck a gold chain from which hung a small cross. She told me that W. was a missionary on the Gilberts and his district consisting of widely separated islands he frequently had to go distances by canoe. During this time she remained at headquarters and managed the mission. Often the seas were very rough and the journeys were not without peril. He was a medical missionary. She spoke of the depravity of the natives in a voice which nothing could hush, but with a vehement, unctuous horror, telling me of their marriage customs which were obscene

* The following article with slight re-arrangements will constitute part of Mr. Maugham's Preface to his collection of short stories, "East and West," to be issued by Doubleday, Doran & Company next month. Though not written for the purpose, it fits happily into the *Saturday Review's* series of articles by writers on their craft.

This Week

WHITE INDIANS OF DARIEN
By RICHARD O. MARSH
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS FRIENDS
By E. M. G. ROUTH
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

BRAIN GUY
By BENJAMIN APPEL
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

SO RED THE ROSE
By STARK YOUNG
Reviewed by George Stevens

POETRY, ITS APPRECIATION AND ENJOYMENT
By LOUIS UNTERMEYER and CARTER DAVIDSON
Reviewed by Arthur Colton

WAS SHERLOCK HOLMES AN AMERICAN? (II)
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

FROM BROADWAY TO MOSCOW
By MARJORIE E. SMITH
Reviewed by Lincoln Steffens

Next Week or Later

LITERATURE AND THE PLANNED STATE
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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beyond description. She said, when first they went it was impossible to find a single good girl in any of the villages. She inveighed against dancing.

I talked with the missionary and his wife but once, and with Miss Thompson not at all. Here is the note for the story:

> A prostitute, flying from Honolulu after a raid, lands at Pago Pago. There lands there also a missionary and his wife. Also the narrator. All are obliged to stay there owing to an outbreak of measles. The missionary finding out her profession persecutes her. He reduces her to misery, shame, and repentance, he has no mercy on her. He induces the governor to order her return to Honolulu. One morning he is found with his throat cut by his own hand and she is once more radiant and self-possessed. She looks at men and scornfully exclaims: dirty pigs.

The reader may have observed that in the original note of "Rain" the narrator was introduced, but in the story as written omitted. "Rain" was invented by the accident of my happening upon persons here and there, who in themselves or from something I heard about them, suggested a theme that seemed suitable for a short story. This brings me to a topic that has always concerned writers and that has at times given the public, the writers' raw material, some uneasiness. There are authors who state that they never have a living model in mind when they create a character. I think they are mistaken. They are of this opinion because they have not scrutinized with sufficient care the recollections and impressions upon which they have constructed the person who, they fondly imagine, is of their invention. If they did they would discover that, unless he was taken from some book they had read, a practice by no means uncommon, he was suggested by one or more persons they had at one time known or seen. The great writers of the past made no secret of the fact that their characters were founded on living people. We know that the good Sir Walter Scott, a man of the highest principles, portrayed his father, with sharpness first and then, when the passage of years had changed his temper, with tolerance; Henri Beyle, in the manuscript of at least one of his novels, has written in at the side the names of the real persons who were his models; and this is what Turgeniev himself says: "For my part, I ought to confess that I never attempted to create a type without having, not an idea, but a living person, in whom the various elements were harmonized together, to work from. I have always needed some groundwork on which I could tread firmly."

With Flaubert it is the same story; that Dickens used his friends and relations freely is notorious; and if you read the Journal of Jules Renard, a most instructive book to anyone who wishes to know how a writer works, you will see the care with which he set down every little detail about the habits, ways of speech and appearance, of the persons he knew. When he came to write a novel he made use of this storehouse of carefully collected information. In Chekhov's diary you will find notes which were obviously made for use at some future time, and in the recollections of his friends there are frequent references to the persons who were the originals of certain of his characters. It looks as though the practice were very common. I should have said it was necessary and inevitable. Its convenience is obvious. You are much more likely to depict a character who is a recognizable human being, with his own individuality, if you have a living model. The imagination can create nothing out of the void. It needs the stimulus of sensation. The writer whose creative faculty has been moved by something peculiar in a person (peculiar perhaps only to the writer) falsifies his idea if he attempts to describe that person other than as he sees him. Character hangs together and if you try to throw people off the scent, by making a short man tall for example (as though stature had no effect on character), or by making him choleric when he has the concomitant traits of an equable temper, you will destroy the plausible harmony (to use the beautiful phrase of Baltasar Gracian) of which it consists. The whole affair would be plain sailing if it were not for the feelings of the persons concerned. The writer has to consider the vanity of the human race and the *Schadenfreude* which is one of its commonest and most detestable failings. A man's friends will find pleasure in recognizing him in a book and though the author may never even have seen him will point out to him, especially if it is unflattering, what they consider his living image. Often someone will recognize a trait he knows in himself or a description of the place he lives in and in his conceit jumps to the conclusion that the character described is a portrait of himself. Thus in my story called "The Outstation" the Resident was suggested by a British Consul I had once known in Spain and it was written ten years after his death, but I have heard that the Resident of a district in Sarawak, which I described in the story, was much affronted because he thought I had had him in mind. The two men had not a trait in common. I do not suppose any writer attempts to draw an exact portrait.

Nothing, indeed, is so unwise as to put into a work of fiction a person drawn line by line from life. His values are all wrong, and, strangely enough, he does not make the other characters in the story seem false, but himself. He never convinces. That is why the many writers who have been attracted by the singular and powerful figure of the late Lord Northcliffe have never succeeded in presenting a credible personage. The model a writer chooses is seen through his own temperament and if he is a writer of any originality what he sees need have little relation with the facts. He may see a tall one short or a generous one avaricious; but, I repeat, if he sees him tall, tall he must remain. He takes only what he wants of the living man. He uses him as a peg on which to hang his own fancies. To achieve his end (the plausible harmony that nature so seldom provides) he gives him traits that the model does not possess. He makes him coherent and substantial. The created character, the result of imagination founded on fact, is art, and life in the raw, as we know, is of this only the material.

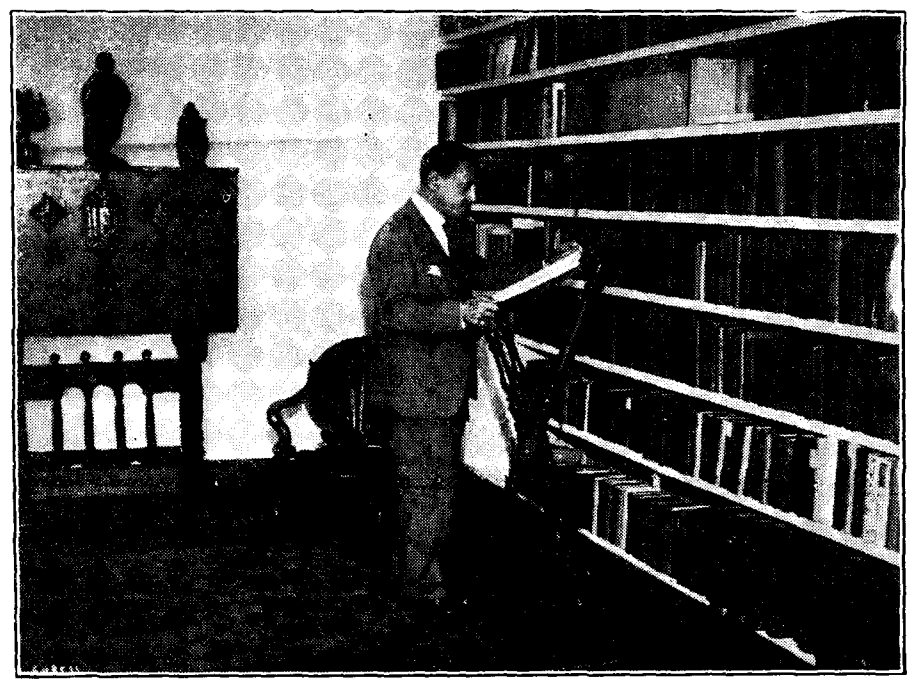
The odd thing is that when the charge is made that an author has copied this person or the other from life, emphasis is laid only on the less praiseworthy characteristics of the victim. If you say of a character that he is kind to his mother, but beats his wife, everyone will cry: Ah, that's Brown, how beastly to say he beats his wife; and no one thinks for a moment of Jones and Robinson who are notoriously kind to their mothers. I draw from this the somewhat surprising conclusion that we know our friends by their vices and not by their virtues. I have stated that I never even spoke to Miss Thompson in "Rain." This is a character that the world has not found wanting in vividness. Though but one of a multitude of writers my practice is doubtless common to most, so that I may be permitted to give another instance of it. I was once asked to meet at dinner two persons, a husband and wife, of whom I was told only what the reader will shortly read. I think I never knew their names. I should certainly not recognize them if I met them in the street. Here are the notes I made at the time:

A stout, rather pompous man of fifty, with pince-nez, gray-haired, a florid complexion, blue eyes, a neat gray moustache. He talks with assurance. He is resident of an outlying district and is somewhat impressed with the importance of his position. He despises the men who have let themselves go under the influence of the climate and the surroundings. He has travelled extensively during his short leaves in the East and knows Java, the Philippines, the coast of China and the Malay Peninsula. He is very British, very patriotic; he takes a great deal of exercise. He has been a very heavy drinker and always took a bottle of whiskey to bed with him. His wife has entirely cured him and now he drinks nothing but water. She is a little insignificant woman, with sharp features, thin, with a sallow skin and a flat chest. She is very badly dressed. She has all the prejudices of an Englishwoman. All her family for generations have been in second-rate regiments. Except that you know that she has caused her husband to cease drinking entirely you would think her quite colorless and unimportant.

On these materials I invented a story which is called "Before the Party." I do not believe that any candid person could think that these two people had cause for complaint because they had been made use of. It is true that I should never have thought of the story if I had not met them, but anyone who takes the trouble to read it will see how insignificant was the incident (the taking of the bottle to bed) that suggested it and how differently the two chief characters have in the course of writing developed from the brief sketch which was their foundation.

"Critics are like horse-flies which prevent the horse from ploughing," said Chekhov. "For over twenty years I have read criticisms of my stories, and I do not remember a single remark of any value or one word of valuable advice. Only once Skabichevsky wrote something which made an impression on me. He said I would die in a ditch, drunk." He was writing for twenty-five years and during that time his writing was constantly attacked. I do not know whether the critics of the present day are naturally of a less ferocious temper; I must allow that on the whole the judgment that has been passed on my own stories when from time to time a collection has been published in book form has been favorable. One epithet, however, has been much applied to them, which has puzzled me; they have been described with disconcerting frequency as "competent." Now on the face of it I might have thought this laudatory, for to do a thing competently is certainly more deserving of praise than to do it incompetently, but the adjective has been used in a disparaging sense and, anxious to learn and if possible to improve, I have asked myself what was in the mind of the critics who thus employed it. Of course none of us is liked by everybody and it is necessary that a man's writing, which is so intimate a revelation of himself, should be repulsive to persons who are naturally antagonistic to the creature he is. This should leave him unperturbed. But when an author's work is fairly commonly found to have a quality that is unattractive to many people it is sensible of him to give the matter his attention. There is evidently something that a number of people do not like in my stories and it is this they try to express when they damn them with the faint praise of competence. I have a notion that it is the definiteness of their form. I hazard the suggestion (perhaps unduly flattering to myself) because this particular criticism has never been made in France where my stories have had with the critics and the public much greater success than they have had in England.

The French, with their classical sense and their orderly minds, demand a precise form and are exasperated by a work in which the ends are left lying about, themes are propounded and not resolved and a climax is foreseen and then eluded. This precision on the other hand has always been slightly antipathetic to the English. Our great novels have been shapeless and this, far from disconcerting their readers, has given them a sense of security. This is the life we know, they have thought, with its arbitrariness and inconsequence; we can put out of our minds the irritating thought that two and two make four. If I am right in this surmise I can do nothing about it and I must resign myself to being called competent for the rest of my days. My prepossessions in the arts are on the side of law and order. I like a story that fits. I did not take to writing stories seriously till I had had much experience as a dramatist, and this experience taught me to leave out everything that did not serve the dramatic value of my story. It taught me to make incident follow incident in such a manner as to lead up to the climax I had in mind. I am not unaware of the disadvantages of this method. It gives a tightness of effect that is sometimes disconcerting. You feel that life does not dovetail into its various parts with such neatness. In life stories straggle, they begin nowhere and tail off without a point. That is probably what Chekhov meant when he said that stories should have neither a beginning nor an end. It is certain that sometimes it gives you a sensation of airlessness when you see persons who behave so exactly according to character and incidents that fall into place with such perfect convenience. The story-teller of this kind aims not only at giving his own feelings about life, but at a formal decoration. He arranges life to suit his purposes. He follows a design in his mind, leaving out this and changing that; he distorts facts to his advantage, according to his plan; and when he attains his object produces a work of art. He seeks to prove nothing. He paints a picture and sets it before you. You can take it or leave it.



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM IN HIS LIBRARY

The Thief

By ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

SHE heard the unusual footstep on the gravel—
She had never seen a thief before,
But she knew the shape in the dark as if familiar
For the still shape of a thief against the door.

He walked at last as cats know how to walk—
Had he heard her breath—her bracelet knock the sill?
He lifted his white anonymous face in the darkness
And listened as the wild snake will.

He was suddenly gone: he was gone like a running shadow.
She ran to the roof of her house to watch him away.
Over the orchards came the early morning—
Incredible orchards, white and pink with May!

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Adventures in Mayan Lands

WHITE INDIANS OF DARIEN. By Richard O. Marsh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THERE has been so much heifer dust tossed into the air on the subject of Mr. Marsh's white Indians, both by himself, his supporters, and his opponents, that one wishes he had not chosen the term for the title of this pleasant book. In the body of it, the subject is somewhat soft-pedalled, compared to the uproar of a few years ago, leading one to suspect that the title was chosen by the publishers for its sensational value. Having genuinely enjoyed the book, and in the course of reading it conceived a liking for its author, in my turn I want to sidestep the general question of his anthropological discoveries by giving that side of the subject very brief mention and then forgetting it.

Let us content ourselves, then, in regard to the question of white Indians, with remembering that there are plenty of them in Arizona, and that the only thing remarkable about their appearance in Panama is their relatively greater frequency of occurrence — approaching, as Mr. Marsh points out, the possibility of a racial mutation in process, similar to that stabilizing of a pathological condition which produced the other white races.

WHITE INDIAN GIRL FROM SAN BLAS BROUGHT TO THE UNITED STATES

As for the rest of his anthropology, I stand pat upon two quotations from the book:—

The linguistic experts told Marsh that "some ancient Norse people taught the Tule People their language" and he goes on to explain that the Tule language had a "Sanskrit or Aryan structure, not *mongoloid* . . . over sixty words identical with early Norse." (Italics are Mr. Marsh's.) No reputable linguistic expert ever spoke of a mongoloid language or language-structure, for the simple reason that there is no such thing. "Aryan" structures can be found, along with almost every other known type of structure, in various places on the American continent, as for instance among the Maidu of California. As for the sixty words which more or less resemble early Norse, if my memory of Marsh's former publications on the subject serves me, that number of resemblances out of six thousand words recorded proves exactly nothing.

The physical anthropologists are also reported as telling the author that the Tules were a "practically pure-blooded remnant of the ancient first dynasty Mayas." Which statement raises in the mind of this bewildered student of Mayan archæology the following questions: 1. What was the Maya first dynasty? 2. If there was a Maya first dynasty, how can we know what their physical structure was like when we have hardly ever found any skeletons in the area? 3. Will the expert who knows what a pure-blooded Maya should look like please publish his discovery for the benefit of science?

Leaving behind all this technical and somewhat controversial matter, let us turn to the main part of the book, which is a delightful and well-told story of real exploration and first class adventure. Mr. Marsh's success in making friends with wild tribes of Indians proves again how needless are the dangers and sensational experiences of a certain type of explorer; his enthusiasm for these people, and his gallant struggle for the liberation of his San Blas friends, win one's sympathy completely and show him in a charming light. He is plainly a born explorer, who enjoys the occupation despite its difficulties and disappointments, and who admits that, malaria and all to the contrary notwithstanding, his soul received gifts in the wilderness.

"White Indians of Darien," the best part of which does not deal with white Indians, deserves success because of the pleasure it will give its readers. One only regrets that with that pleasure, there will be disseminated a modicum—not very important—of technical misinformation. One feels that there should have been a little more said about Mr. Marsh's staff, that more attention to brave friends and helpers would remove the taint of egoism; but perhaps, one of these days, some other member of the expedition will write his own story. That might be very interesting, and would probably strengthen Marsh's reputation as an explorer. So far, he has been too much his own witness.

Any number of explorers and scientists have lived among tribes threatened with moral and perhaps physical destruction by the encroachment of what we grimly term "civilization," and have mourned the impending tragedy. One cannot but love a man who not only speaks out clearly and specifically on the subject, including the role of the fruit companies in the process, but who has gone ahead and taken effective action in the matter at the risk of his own life.

Oliver La Farge, author of "Laughing Boy," a novel of Indian life, has been research associate in anthropology at Harvard University, and has led ethnographical expeditions to Mexico and Guatemala.

A Fantascientific Tale

(*Continued from first page*)

changed conditions when hard times came knocking at the door. When the earth shook and volcanoes began spouting, their far-scattered dust shutting off the heat of the sun, the dinosaurs perished at last in fire, flood, and ice; while the tiny and timorous mammals, who had to run away from danger because they were too weak to defy it, found refuge in time in safer latitudes. Fleance is 'scaped, and history goes on.

Dinosaurs are not sympathetic characters to members of a feebler but (for the moment) no less dominant race, but Mr. Taine manages to individualize four or five of those whose figures are projected by the time-television apparatus. The triceratops, most sympathetic to the audience in the movie version of Conan Doyle's "Lost World," here appears in a less favorable and perhaps more realistic light. The principal characters (logically enough, for an age of unrestricted competition) are the biggest and fiercest; and one of them does manage toward the end to grasp your sympathy as do the great tragic figures of human fiction. This is the last and biggest of the tyrannosaurs, nicknamed Belshazzar by studio technicians—a rugged individualist, upstanding to the last. He had no bowels of mercy and very little brain, but he had plenty of heart; in the midst of chaos he exercised private initiative and demonstrated the will to live, and died with a snarl of defiance at cosmic changes he could not understand.

Mr. Wells has lately assured us that his most fantastic romances are only parables for moral edification (though this reviewer refuses to believe that Wells got no purely selfish pleasure out of writing them). There are times when one suspects that Mr. Taine, too, has an evangelistic tract under the sugar coating. Bronson the capitalist concludes from the record of the past that life has always been a dog-eat-dog scramble; Sellar the archæologist stubbornly hopes, without much evidence, that somehow good will be the final goal of ill. Bronson sees the brontosaurus as "a meaningless, helpless monstrosity," a denial of any purpose in evolution, unless a sadistic jest; Sellar suggests that "the creature probably got more happiness out of life than the most complex human being has ever imagined." The carnivorous saurians were ruined by an excess of efficiency; "those whom they could not kill and devour they drove to such an excess of armored security that they perished of their own preparedness," and there was nothing left for the carnivores to eat. But in retrospect of the whole it does not appear that the author has of deliberate malice likened the brute beasts to men; if some of the details of this history of the carboniferous era seem curiously prophetic, it is because men are still so like the brute beasts.

The Demise of a Little Old Lady

1934 *ESSAY ANNUAL. Edited by Erich A. Walter. A Yearly Collection of Significant Essays, Personal, Critical, Controversial, and Humorous. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.* 1934.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE publication of the second of Mr. Walter's annual essay anthologies (a series designed to parallel Mr. O'Brien's yearly volumes of the best American short stories) makes it possible to hazard a guess as to the direction American essay writing is taking. One of the selections in this volume is John P. Waters's "A Little Old Lady Passes Away." Mr. Waters laments the demise of "the familiar essay, that lavender-scented old lady of literature." The anthology indicates the correctness of the funeral notice, for, if Mr. Walter's thirty selections be taken as representative, the "informal," "personal," or "familiar" essay (the old lady had various aliases) was not extensively written in the United States between March, 1933, and March, 1934. There is in the anthology no dissertation on roast pigs. There is no Hazlitt to chat about himself and things in general. On the contrary, among the essayists life was real, life was earnest. The essay in the twelve months covered led a life of unflagging industry and application to affairs.

In view of the events of the twelve months surveyed, this change in the substance of the essay is natural, but it is curious that Mr. Walter could find no critical essay dealing with contemporary writing worthy of inclusion in his volume. The only two essays of literary interpretation treat respectively of Emerson and Freneau. The list of one hundred distinguished essays of the year printed in the appendix includes some few which interpret contemporary writers, but if we suppose Mr. Walter's judgment to be generally right, it appears that the critical essay of this kind has been feeble in the year surveyed. Mr. Walter, however, nowhere indicates what his criteria are.

A third interesting fact is that of the thirty essays included only twelve come from the orthodox "class" monthlies, and only one from the periodicals founded originally in imitation of the British quarterly reviews. Does this point to the gradual decline of the "class" monthlies as leaders in literary culture? We shall have to await two or three more of Mr. Walter's anthologies before we can guess the answer.

A Man of Many Contradictions

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS FRIENDS. By E. M. G. Routh. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE career of Sir Thomas More was full of the most surprising contradictions. He loved the new learning of the humanists and yearned for a life of scholarly detachment, yet he made a fortune practising law and gave the best years of his life to public business. The broad tolerance and humanitarian idealism of his "Utopia," with its vision of the perfect communist society, have made it a text book for the radical reformers of four centuries, yet More took office with a clique of reactionaries who hoped to stamp out the rising religious reforms and turn back the clock in England. He rose to the highest office in the gift of a king who surrounded himself with fear, flattery, intrigue, and deceit, yet in the end More valued his integrity above his life. Part humanist, part lawyer-schoolman, part utopian dreamer, part conservative official, a pacifist and internationalist in a day of militant nationalism, a man of the Renaissance whose vision pierced far beyond the twentieth century, a lord chancellor who wrote that in the perfect state there were "few laws and no lawyers," a martyr who joked on the scaffold, no wonder Sir Thomas More has always fascinated biographers.

The latest of these, Miss E. M. G. Routh, is fortunate in her approach to her subject. Whatever contradictions More may have presented as a philosopher and a statesman, he was one of the truest, wittiest, and most genial of friends, the wisest, kindest, and most affectionate of husbands and fathers. For the details of More's family life and his relations with his humanist friends Miss Routh has drawn extensively on unpublished manuscripts and exhausted the mass of printed sources. The materials are assembled with rare skill and the story is told with quiet charm. Although the writer has carefully eschewed the fanciful constructions of more careless biographers, the picture does not suffer from want of liveliness and vigor; the reader receives a singularly complete and vivid impression of More's private life. The treatment of More's public career is less detailed but not less careful. The background is lightly but firmly sketched and no side of More's busy life receives less than justice. This part of the work is

SIR THOMAS MORE
From the Holbein portrait

a model of lucid compression and modest but highly discriminating scholarship.

The format of the book is worthy of its contents: the numerous illustrations are handsomely reproduced; there is an excellent index. If there is anything to regret about this book it is the excessive modesty of its author. From so sympathetic and scholarly a biographer one could have wished a more comprehensive criticism of the sources for More's life and a more extended interpretation of his perplexing and elusive character. But it is ungrateful not to take the book for what it is; a pleasant, authoritative introduction to the life and work of a great man.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 2.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW *is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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Not Nearly Always, Mr. Bent

Pity the poor editor. Caught between the devil of public taste and the deep sea of an artistic conscience, where is he to land? How is he to reconcile his love for good style with his consciousness that "punch" is what counts, his ruminative mind with the knowledge that timeliness of subject is what wins a wide public? We are moved to these reflections by an article by Silas Bent appearing in the current *Virginia Quarterly Review* in which he delivers himself of the belief that "all publishing, not excepting books, tends to become not so much a literary pursuit as an industrial disease," and concludes, "the corrupt and corrosive effect of the mass audience and of the advertiser who pays well only if he reaches the mass is apparent in all three main branches of publishing, in the newspaper, the magazine, and the book."

Now it is indubitably true that all editors make concessions to public opinion [illegible] readers by the hundreds of thousands. But though they wrote with the pens of men and angels they still would be writing in the void if they chose matters of esoteric interest or difficult complexity to spread before a heterogeneous public. For your public is like a chain, as strong only as its weakest link, and the part of it that will support any literary venture is larger in proportion as that venture concedes the chain's weakness. Which is only another way of saying that the greatest faction of humanity, either through lack of imagination, or the inherent laziness of human nature, or the equally omnipresent love of sensation, approves the portrayal of what lies within the realm of its own experience or at furthest within the field of its own perplexities and fights shy of what seems to it ex cathedra or highbrow.

An editor, being an astute man, knows this. He knows, poor man, that if he flies in the face of public interest or prevailing fashion, he'll soon be writing for himself and a coterie alone, and a little after will perforce fold his tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away. Like unheard melodies, the best magazines are probably those which have never known realization. And not only because the ideal best which every editor carries in his mind's eye is better than any actual best which is likely to come his way, but because he must often compromise with his own conceptions of art in favor of a general taste which has been formed on less rigid canons than his own.

The first and final goal of everything that is printed is to be read, and it is as foolish to insist that journals intended for non-technical publics must make no concessions to public tastes as it is to maintain that government can turn a cold shoulder to public will. What the editor owes his public is a clear realization of the temper and mind of the part of it for which he is laboring, a creed of his own which he makes known to it through precept and example, by which he may be judged, and to which he may be held, and over and above all a profound conviction of the worth of what he is doing and unswerving determination to present the best that it is humanly possible for him to attain. For his compromises are with his predilections, not with his purposes, and, if starting out with a belief that current literature is frequently fumbling and sometimes wrong-headed and occasionally warped, he yet devotes his time in the main to it, and often sets forth in his pages doctrine repugnant to himself, it is because he feels it his duty to cast what light he can upon it. So, too, when instead of printing only doctrinaire discussion he enlivens his columns with gossip and news, he does it because he recognizes the legitimacy of the popular interest in the personalities of those who make literature. We are far from saying that editorial policy is not influenced by material considerations. It is, but not necessarily because magazine editors as Mr. Bent states "are not attempting to advance the cause of letters so much as to fatten their own purses." On the contrary, it is because they recognize the futility of trying to advance the cause of literature at all unless they can make the public a party to it that they so edit as to try to win that public. For the soul of the editor yearns to spread the gospel of his profession as the hart panteth after the water-courses. If he wanted to fatten his purse he wouldn't be an editor at all. All he asks is a chance to live.

"JOHN NEEDED HIM AS MATERIAL FOR A NEW NOVEL."

Letters to the Editor: *An Appreciation of John Jay Chapman*

In Memoriam: John Jay Chapman

What tower is fallen? What star is set?
What chief goes there bewailing?
A tower is fallen, a star is set:
Alas! alas for Celin!
—Old Spanish ballad.

SIR:—The above lines, in Lockhart's translation, learned in childhood, came irresistibly back to me when I heard of Jack [illegible] tower, both of strength and richness. Put the star atop, and you have a lighthouse, perhaps the aptest simile I can use for this friend who has left us.

Every word that Mr. Wister says is pure gold. He shows us the man, ardent, knightly, impetuous, wayward, always noble: one cannot but wish that he had said more about his work: about the twenty volumes bearing his name, which star the years between 1898 and 1927.

I wonder if these volumes are known as they should be. I can hardly think it. If they were, surely Chapman's name would be on every tongue. Open whatever volume where I will, I come upon some passage that flashes from the page: hear him for a moment!

He is speaking of William James ("Memories and Milestones"):

> It was impossible not to be morally elevated by the smallest contact with William James. A refining, purgatorial influence came out of him. . . .
>
> He, himself, was all perfected from the beginning, a selfless angel. It is this quality of angelic unselfishness which gives the power to his work. . . .

Later in the same volume:

> He [Martin Brimmer] was a lame, frail man, with fortune and position; one felt that he had been a lame, frail boy, lonely, cultivated, and nursing an ideal of romantic honor.

(Except for the lameness, this might be Chapman himself.)

Of Horace Howard Furness:

> He might have come out of London in 1811; he might have lived in Edinburgh in 1830. He was like Charles Lamb; he seemed to be clad in knee-breeches; he was all leisure, all literature, all tenderness for the feelings of [illegible]

The accidents of the world, which had swept away wealth and had left her only a modest little house, and a scanty income, had taken nothing from her. She had always lived in mansions of her own. Her guests were kings and queens to her. If the door had been opened by a charity girl with a wooden leg, and the meal had consisted of a chop on a trencher, the guest would still have felt that he was being welcomed with reverence and was feasting with Hafiz and Melchior.

From the poems, I can ask only for space for a single passage, from "May, 1918":

A breathing night,—no ray, no beam,
But shadowy stillness over everything.
. . . . . .
Once more the silence; then the sound again:
I cannot say how long I stood
And listened to that velvet flood;
Perhaps the stream poured lethe on my brain—
Displaced the stars—for in their train
I saw the French Cathedrals looming by,
Like citadels that beaconed on the night,
Or swinging urns that scattered golden light
In the surrounding sky.
Chartres, Beauvais, Rouen—I could mark
Each Gothic lantern of the mind
That, kindling in the ages dark,
Rose, flamed and left behind
The sacred shell of a mysterious ark,
The treasure and the solace of mankind.

I have tried, in these few quotations, to show a little of the fiery beauty and power that flash throughout Chapman's pages—integral power, flashes of the divine fire; to make plain the unspeakable loss it will be, if his writings (with some winnowing-out of controversial matter, no longer relevant) are not collected and made per-

SIR:—Some time ago the Bowling Green mentioned with surprise the sea-gulls at Great Salt Lake. You might like to know there is a law against killing them. The reason they are 600 miles inland is an old one. Back in 1850-something the grasshoppers came along and were eating up all the Mormon crops and greenery. Then, the Mormons say it was an act of God, the sea gulls popped up and saved the day. There is a beautiful monument to this in the Temple Grounds in Salt Lake that you ought to see.

GEORGE F. SMITH, JR.
Spokane, Washington.

Quotations on Money

SIR:—In view of the increasing general interest in the subject I am compiling an anthology of quotations by English, American, and translated foreign writers on the nature, function, and history of money. The book, which is intended to be an epitome of English and American thought on the subject since about 1650, will represent the contributions to the literature of monetary science not only of professional economists but also of those whose chief interests lay in other fields.

I should acknowledge gratefully any suggestions your readers may wish to make.

MONTGOMERY BUTCHART.
19, Cheniston Gardens,
London, W. 8., England.

Dard Hunter of Chillicothe

SIR:—I am writing a biographical sketch of the eminent author and bookmaker, Dard Hunter of Chillicothe, Ohio, to be published some time this year and I shall appreciate hearing from any of your readers possessing biographical data or other information pertaining to Mr. Hunter. I plan on sailing with Mr. Hunter in the late Fall on an extended research tour in India, China, Japan, Siam and other Oriental countries, thence around the world in search of modern handmade papermaking methods and information for Mr. Hunter's new book on Modern Handmade Papermaking in the Orient. I should be willing to report the trip by letter on the subject of papermaking or any other subject for American societies or journals.

LLOYD EMERSON SIBERELL.
Box 83, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

CURZON: THE LAST PHASE. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Houghton Mifflin.* A biography that is also a history of British post-war diplomacy.

BEFORE THE DAWN. By JOHN TAINE. *Williams & Wilkins.* A romantic scientific thriller.

EUROPE BETWEEN WARS? By HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG. *Macmillan.* A brief survey of conditions.

This Less Recent Book:

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. *Viking* A satirical fantasy.

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Thief—Modern Style

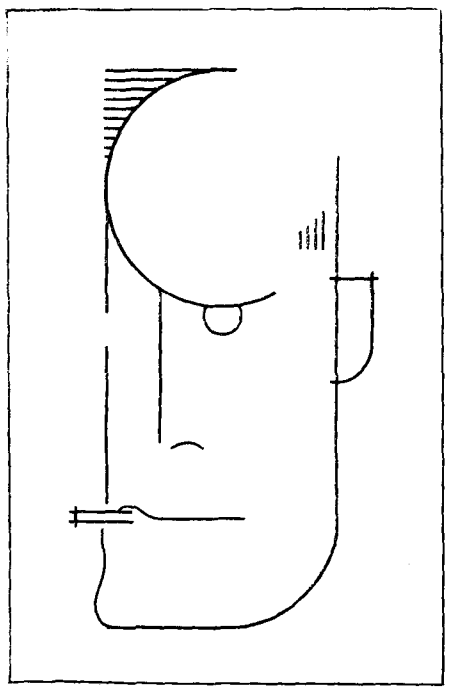
BRAIN GUY. By Benjamin Appel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is the sad story of a common or garden thief who lives by preying on modern society, is out for "the big dough," and gets into the sort of life he can't stop living. He is a rent-collector at first, "shakes down" the various speakeasies and houses of ill-repute from which he collects the rent; unwillingly—and yet fascinatedly—witnesses a murder; and, though indirectly, loses his job because of it. Being quite a rotten egg from the beginning, with an enormously swollen ego, even the fact that his younger brother, coming from the country to live with him, thinks he has a real job and is a real man, does not stop Bill's downward course under the impetus given him by a very hard guy indeed, one McMann. He plans the hold-ups of various stores he has formerly collected rent from, and finally even has the job done to a delicatessen in which his own brother works. He ends as a thoroughly debauched fool and a drunken murderer. Meanwhile his brother falls in love with the daughter of the German landlady, succeeds in getting her "into trouble," and, at the end of the book, is about to be drawn into Bill's malodorous activities.

This is another novel of the "hard-boiled" school, written in tough journalese, that yet, somehow, peels off at times, revealing a certain artistic detachment. It is electrifying, and all that sort of thing, and imparts certain facts concerning pimps and whores which sound convincing chiefly because they induce mild nausea. The gangster stuff is not particularly fresh, because there have already been too many talking-pictures of gangsters. But Bill's analysis of himself, coupled with his inability to do anything about it, is well-imagined; and Mr. Appel knows certain locales in New York pretty thoroughly. He conveys the very effluvia of the dirty, degenerate life that seethes in the far-west forties, alongside decent tradesmen and honest citizens. He suddenly reminds one of all the apelike and wolflike faces one has seen casually, in passing, drifting along what *Variety* calls "The Main Stem." To his credit be it that he does not sentimentalize Madge, the whore, but presents her as she undoubtedly was. Wherefore, when she falls in love with Bill, one's pity is really moved—at least, temporarily. The younger brother, his love affair, his blind urge, and the response of the German girl, Cathy, are all faithfully set down. Having one's small share of the milk of human kindness one feels very sorry for Cathy—when you think what is ahead of her. Joe has something of his brother in him, and is therefore a bit of a bad smell himself; though, on the whole, a likable enough moron.

I should say that, as photography, this was a good job. The novelist apparently doesn't know how to end his book. He chops it off short at the end. As art the volume lacks much; and yet Mr. Appel has the faculty of handling the raw lingo of the streets, not merely in dialogue, but in analysis and description, so as to carry you rapidly along on the tide of his story. We have quite a few of these readable rough-and-ready writers now in the United States. They are most significant of the type a great cosmopolis breeds. The constant stimulation of all the senses in a city like New York, the constant hectic excitement just around the corner, makes the unnatural natural. Those that prey upon the city—and their name is Legion, both in the seats of the mighty and in the sewers—are partly the product of a mass-energy that sweeps them off their feet. As for the novelist: Mr. Appel can write shrewdly of a certain cross-section of city life that he has had under close observation. He sees not merely maggots in the cheese, but fair-to-average boys that come from Easton, Pa., and rather dumb girls that hail from Brooklyn. These turn into "brain guys" and whores; partly from bad breaks, partly because circumstances so arrange themselves as to bring out essential weaknesses. There is not a little pathos in this book. The author is not a hard guy; but, a sensitive person with an integrity of purpose determined to set down both language and episode precisely as they occur in that segment of real life he has chosen for his material. Over and above that, he can bring human sympathy to bear upon his characters.



From the jacket of "Brain Guy"

In fact Mr. Appel has a *flair* for character—to call it that. Moreover, I should think that if any book could deter from vice, this would be the one.

Concha Espina's Latest Novel

THE WOMAN AND THE SEA. By Concha Espina. New York: Rae D. Henkle. 1934. $2.50.

THE original Spanish title of Concha Espina's novel, *Agua de Nieve*—"Snow Water," or "Melting Snow"—better suggests its drift than the rather vague label attached to the English version. For it is the story of the eventual melting — humanizing — of its heroine's heart after a lifetime of selfishness.

Regina de Alcántara is slightly reminiscent of Hedda Gabler. Incapable of love or even of true friendship, she shines, nevertheless, with a sort of cold fire; is sensitive, nervously alive, driven by a fierce desire to experience all sorts of human emotions without being ready to pay the ordinary human penalty. She hopes to have all the thrills—to snatch at happiness—and avoid all the pains. For the better part of the story, she is a pretty pestiferous sort of person, making trouble for nearly everyone she touches.

In so far as she is intended to represent the modern "emancipated" woman, and the latter's difficulties, she is doubtless a more novel and significant type in Spain than out of it. There is nothing particularly startling, at least in the notion of a Regina de Alcántara, in most parts of the Western world. But you can't simply dismiss her with such words as "cold" and "shallow"—that self-sufficiency and passionate drive toward more and more poignant experience is at least an opposite of weakness, and represents, if not dignity, at any rate a sort of strength.

The novel's sombre romanticism, the frequent preoccupation with death, as well as the unfamiliar social milieu in which the characters move, will give most American readers the sense of entering a foreign and in some ways curiously old-fashioned world. In her descriptions of the little old town of Torremar and its townspeople, Concha Espina writes with the realistic warmth to which our theatre-goers have become accustomed in the plays of the brothers Sierra, for instance—and with which we feel quite at home, Spanish as it all may be—yet Regina de Alcántara herself frequently seems almost as remote from actuality, as much a fanciful type detached from the everyday world as some of the Byronic figures in the poems and plays of the early nineteenth century. Yet even those who may find difficulty in quite getting the hang of Concha Espina's story will be grateful for its whiffs of the real Spain and for the chance to read another work by one of Spain's most distinguished women.

A Ballet With Program Notes

SO RED THE ROSE. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

REPEATED handling of certain scenes and subjects in American life has contributed to the emergence of a few well-established patterns in American fiction. A definite pattern exists for the novel of the South during the Civil War; readers have become familiar with the typical plantation household, and with the drama of secession, war, and reconstruction in which each southern family played the same part. Such a pattern can be of considerable value to the novelist in providing him with a point of departure for his own vision, his own imagination. But the danger is obvious that familiar material may produce a stereotyped result.

Mr. Young's novel shows both the advantages and the drawbacks of the pattern. The author chooses to establish his background in great detail before the drama begins. His principal characters, the members of two Mississippi plantation families, became familiar to us in their adumbration of the system of living which existed in the South before the war, while they themselves remain long untouched by the developing crisis. The portrait of a society preoccupies the attention; but its distinctions are negative. The author avoids both the romantic picture and the debunking picture of the old South, but his picture is still conventional. It gives the impression of having been built up out of a mass of family documents and reminiscences, rather than directly imagined; and it is not peopled with interesting individuals. In both the families, the Bedfords and the McGehees, blood is so much thicker than water that it positively stands still in their veins. There are multitudes of sisters, cousins, and aunts who for a long time are almost indistinguishable.

During all this, the events of history are recorded separately, as if in footnotes, running parallel with the personal story and never meeting it. The effect is that of a ballet with program notes. The ballet as such is very well done, if the stage seems crowded; the dancers go expertly through their motions, the backdrop is pretty, the symbols conventional and clear. If one finds it dull, one is doing no more than expressing a personal opinion. One cannot legitimately ask for human beings in a ballet.

But later on, when the war comes to Mississippi, the story changes. Characters do emerge, and history, to some extent, with them. There are excellent sketches of Grant and Sherman; shrewd, if not original, explanations of Confederate mistakes; many sidelights on events and personages which are none the less acute for being partisan. For instance, Mr. Young points out that Grant came to Mississippi with his own slaves after the Emancipation Proclamation; that in 1865 "southern people were shocked to read in the newspapers the report of the famous Mr. Emerson's speech in which he suggested that it might be a kind Providence that had got Lincoln out of the way." Here also the Bedfords and McGehees intermittently come to life. But the treatment is somewhat mixed. In the descriptions of battles, in the burning of the McGehee plantation, in the scene where a mother with her faithful slave goes to Shiloh to recover the body of her son, there is more than a hint of "The Birth of a Nation." Mr. Young's writing, of course, gives his account a considerable if superficial distinction; there is no crudity, but there is certainly melodrama.

It is difficult for the reader to determine whether Mr. Young is trying to distil from his material the artistic or the historical truth. The two approaches are fused without unity. His picture of southern life is attractive, and his choice of the most admirable of the plantation owners as his characters is perfectly legitimate artistically. But, while the book i
nostalgic quality, it will, bec
process of selection, probably excessively by those who suffer from an Oedipus complex about the old South. The fire-eaters are absent, and the only unattractive characters are the poor whites. For the purposes of history, or even of polemics, the canvas should be broader.

The book takes its title from the verse of Omar Khayyam: "I sometimes think that never blows so red the rose as where some buried Caesar bled." One feels that Mr. Young comes to praise Caesar; but, for all his efforts, Caesar remains buried.

Grand Tour

SWEET LAND. By Lewis Gannett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.

MR. GANNETT and his family spent last summer making the Grand Tour of the United States by Ford (V8, not Model T) with an enthusiasm adequately indicated by the title. Many writers have done that of late, but mostly to find out what people are thinking or talking about, or else to confirm convictions arrived at before they started as to the future of this republic. The Gannetts, apparently, went only for to admire and for to see; and this book, based on the travelogues Mr. Gannett sent back to the *Herald Tribune,* is at once an advertisement and an extremely useful Baedeker for others who want to do the same.

The automobile, says Mr. Gannett, has brought some of the old intimacies back into travel.

> Again the wheels cease turning at meal time and over night. Again there is leg-stretching and casual conversation. You stop at night in a roadside cabin whose owner is a self-respecting individual, a person who wants to tell you his own troubles and find out what kind of an animal you are.

You can get this last, perhaps to excess, if you stay at home; but there is no questior that if you want to see rather than to ge somewhere, the car is the vehicle yo ought to take. Mr. Gannett's reports or what he saw are just that, and not attempts at literature of travel; though h makes a creditable transit of that classic pons asinorum, a description of the Grand Canyon. But they make the reader want tc go and see things too.

By way of sample, it may be noted that "the loveliest building we saw anywhere in the country was a superb grain elevator somewhere along the road to Oklahoma City"; that "the West may yet come to be known as the land where writing is recognized as an honorable profession"; that "Hollywood seems the most healthful section of Los Angeles—it at least does not try to fool itself"; and that the Southwest, really the oldest seat of American civilization since it contained flourishing cities long before Leif Ericson saw the Atlantic seaboard, is enough to make any man (or at least any fourteen-year-old boy) want to stay there and be an anthropologist. Opinions on the state of the nation are rare; private initiative is seen at its worst in southern California, where every man has bored an oil well in his back yard and consequently nobody gets enough oil to pay out. But against this rugged individualists may take comfort in the story of the bears of Yellowstone Park, who live high in summer on the tourists' garbage and thus lose the spirit to get out and rustle their own living when autumn comes and they are taken off the dole.

Drawing by Ruth Chrisman Gannett, from "Sweet Land."

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ch also make the reader want
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Brave, Translunary Things

POETRY, ITS APPRECIATION AND ENJOYMENT. By Louis Untermeyer and Carter Davidson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

THIS is a rich book, first, because it consists mainly of poetry itself, and second, because the editors, sensitive and discriminating, are everywhere present telling us of brave, translunary things. They are not impeccable. On the first page of the opening essay one reads:

> It is only in our own time and in our own country that poetry is suspected—We must recognize such prejudice the more since it seems to be prevalent in these States. The prejudice is as paradoxical as it is inconsistent. It did not exist in Greece, where the poet was venerated as dramatist and spokesman priest; nor in Rome, where the Cæsars vied with the singers; nor in the Middle Ages, wherein no court was complete without its local laureate, no castle worthy of the name that did not house a troubadour or minnesinger. Nor is it found in modern Europe. The prejudice against poetry is chiefly an Anglo-Saxon innovation.

All this is rather juvenile. Esthetics are as complex as humanity. Did not exist in Greece? There was one Plato of Athens in whose ideal republic poets were prohibited on carefully reasoned principles. Only two insane or moronic Cæsars disgraced themselves in the eyes of all respectable Romans by vieing with singers. The Romans were as unpoetical as any other people, and there were no Cæsarian poets worth mentioning. What the Romans objected to was a Cæsar twanging a harp on the stage, as one might to a President dancing a cancan there. Medieval castles liked minstrels as they liked tumblers and trick performers, because castle life was dull, but local laureates were always scarce in local courts, unless possibly at one time in southern France. In "these States" the works of poets are given prizes, and sold to and read by thousands, but what the poetry does to them nobody knows. It is probable that sung or intoned verse is not heard even in Europe by the masses as it once was. The relations of poetry to the great middle class of literate people are perhaps similar in all modern countries of Europe and America. The prejudice against it dwelt solidly in the minds of the unimaginative and matter of fact in the times of Sidney and Shelley as it does today. But if it was a purely English prejudice, it must have been a stimulating one, since the greatest poetry and more of it than elsewhere came out of England. Messrs. Untermeyer and Davidson's account is not good history, but their defense of poetry is sound, and on much the same ground as Sidney's and Shelley's. There will always be those who do and those who do not care for poetry, and small results of argument between them. They might as well let each other alone.

One of the interesting features of this volume is the way modern poetry is planted and unashamed side by side of the ancient altars and their consecrated bays. It is good to see Elinor Wylie near John Keats, Whitman not far from a psalm, and to note that the modern does not wilt in these august presences. A. E. Housman sings as authentically as Herrick. No classical parallel can make Robinson and Frost commonplace, or take from either the edge of his distinction. Emily Dickinson's "light foot ghost slips into Milton's heaven." (See this curious poem by Hortense Landauer, p. 140, which should be, but is not, in the Index, under Dickinson.)

> The Angels and Archangels viewed
> Her small and spectral bones.
>
> But plucking her dimity apron straight
> And setting her collar right,
> Emily took three confident steps
> Up to the Core of Light.

Her light feet are as confident as Emerson's, her "divine irreverence" as thrilling as Blake's; she is gay when Emily Brontë is stern, and neither is afraid.

In the Introduction to Book II of the present volume, on "The Rhythms of Poetry," the editors say all that need be said about the prejudice against poetry. Childhood finds its way into it through rhythm, as its ancestry did long ago. There is a strong current that is apt at maturity to set in the opposite direction. The love of poetry is the prolongation of youth. The substance within the vision, the rhythm within the chaos—when we have forgotten this substance and this vision, if we ever knew them, we soon become prejudiced. Book II is an interesting introduction to the technique of the subject. Many modern poets are experimental in the technique of rhythm and rhyme, and the old-fashioned ear, accustomed to simpler tunes, does not react favorably. Dissonance in place of consonance, that is, the rhyming of consonants but not vowels, does not slip smoothly and happily into me. I have to spell it out and am annoyed. The vowel is the dominant sound. But there is no reason why dissonance as well as assonance, or the rhyme of vowels alone, might not chime happily enough if one were used to it. Poets like Whitman, Jeffers, and McLeish have a sense of rhythm strong and true enough to make disciples for their deeper pulsations. Rhyme does more than help memory and make a pleasant tinkle. It marks and emphasizes rhythm. The Saxon alliteration, the Hebrew echo of the same meaning in altered metaphor, the pause and final spondee of the Greek hexameter, serve much the same purpose. Reasons in esthetics are natives of the subconscious, and it is odd that from so vague a world should emerge these hankerings after precision, these enchantments of regularity and repetition.

Post-War Diplomacy

(*Continued from first page*)

office was moreover coincident with a long series of British disasters. Thus he writes—

> Here was a man possessed of great intelligence, of flaming energy, of clear ideas, of unequalled knowledge, of wide experience. To this man was granted an opportunity such as seldom falls to any modern statesman; and yet, although in almost every event his judgment was correct and his vision enlightened, British policy under his guidance declined from the very summit of authority to a level of impotence such as, since the Restoration, it has rarely reached.

With the present incumbent Sir John Simon, as Nicolson might have added, that decline has not yet been arrested.

What was the reason for the slump? Was it Curzon's fault or did it result from the fact "that the chaos of the post-war period was beyond the capacity of any single human brain either to conceive or control?" On reflection, Nicolson inclines to the latter explanation. As far as England is concerned he believes something snapped at the close of the war. The British people demanded all the fruits of victory of their statesmen but they were unprepared to do anything more to make sure of them.

British statesmanship was, therefore, faced with the fatal dilemma, it had to produce results and it had no means at its hand. The problem was, too, complicated by the character of Lloyd George himself. He knew what he wanted—"as the creator of policy he was often superb, as the executant he was often deplorable." Curzon, by contrast, was not creative. At the end of the war, Lloyd George wanted to get back to the tradition of the balance of power, to shift over from France to Germany and Russia.

British public opinion was not, however, prepared to back him against France or support him in championship of the recent foe at the expense of the late ally. He had therefore to act by indirection, to seem to go in one direction when he was actually resolved to travel in another. But the result was that he destroyed the greatest of all of the assets of British diplomacy in past centuries, which was reliability.

Reliability was, too, the great inheritance of Curzon, when he went to the Foreign Office to become "the last of that unbroken line of Foreign Secretaries, who had been born with the privileges of a territorial aristocracy and nurtured in the tradition of a governing class." With later arrivals, MacDonald, Henderson, and Simon, that sequence was shattered forever. Of that hitherto unbroken line Nicolson writes, summing up the past of British Foreign Policy memorably—

> For them the central purpose of British Foreign Policy was the maintenance of the empire and the security of the British Isles. They sought to achieve their purpose by undeviating adherence to three essential principles. The first was the command of the seas. The second, the balance of power in Europe. The third, the defense of imperial frontiers and communications.

There was also an important corollary, the thing had to be done with the least possible expenditure of men and money.

It was at this point that British policy broke down in the post-war period. In the pre-war era, British statesmanship had succeeded because it was able to make prestige take the place of men and money. That prestige rested upon reliability. "So long as our rule appeared inevitable it remained unquestioned," says Nicolson. At the close of the war, however, "large numbers of British citizens suddenly ceased to believe with absolute conviction in the Empire." The consequence was that Lloyd George and Curzon were both obliged to make bluff take the place of prestige and in that undertaking they failed dismally.

LORD CURZON CONDUCTS HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN THROUGH BALLIOL COLLEGE (MAY, 1921)

They failed first in the matter of Turkey, when the Greeks were encouraged to land in Smyrna only to meet defeat at the hands of Kemal Pasha. Curzon foresaw the consequences of the blunder but he could not prevent it because Lloyd George was at that moment trying to buy off Italy in the Adriatic by real estate in Anatolia. The result was Chanak, which finished Lloyd George. The second failure was in Poland. While London fumbled and faltered, France sent Weygand to turn defeat into victory and after the Battle of the Vistula which broke the thrusting power of Bolshevism, French prestige was up and British down.

It was the same about Persia. Curzon made a brilliant treaty but before it could be ratified Teheran had turned to Moscow. It was the same about Upper Silesia, but the ultimate and devastating exposure of British weakness was the French occupation of the Ruhr. In fact, and no one has ever made the point clearer, the basic mistake of British diplomacy in the Lloyd George-Curzon period was in dealing with France. The question of French security was the basic problem of the post-war period and they dodged it.

When the United States repudiated the Treaty of Guarantee, which Wilson and Lloyd George had bestowed upon Clemenceau in return for his renunciation of the French claim to permanent occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, and the British pledge went by the board as well, the British had to do one of two things, guarantee French security themselves or undertake to coerce the former ally. In no third way was it possible to establish order in Europe or insure economic recovery in Germany.

Coercion, however, was both materially and morally impossible; materially because with the demobilization of the British and American armies and the dissolution of the German, France recovered a military dominance of the Continent which had lapsed after Waterloo; morally, it was out of the question because the British public was not ready to resort to force in the interests of the former enemy. But the situation was now in French hands because the reparations payments demanded of Germany were impossible and the penalties fixed for failure to fulfil the impossible were specific.

As long as French security was not assured, France could prevent German recovery. She could do more, she could gather about herself a combination of smaller states, equally menaced by a strong Germany, whose armies would reinforce the French and whose diplomats would give France the ascendancy internationally, at Geneva and elsewhere. France had to be fought or bought. When Lloyd George and Curzon sought to evade both horns of the dilemma, they encountered French hostility everywhere and that hostility wrecked all British efforts, in Asia Minor, in Upper Silesia, in the German question generally.

Trying to salvage Germany without openly breaking with France, pretending that the Entente Cordiale existed, while seeking to restore the balance of power, Britain encouraged a German resistance which only led to German disaster. In fact, it would have been better, so Nicolson quotes dispassionate German opinion as concluding, if the British had held their peace. As it was the Germans acted in the hope of British support only to find themselves compelled in the end to surrender to French force.

This part of Nicolson's book ought to be read with especial care by the American State Department and by all Americans interested in international affairs, as well. For American official and unofficial opinion shared in the British miscalculation. On the eve of the Ruhr, Mr. Hughes went to New Haven and addressed France in the tone in which King Canute had spoken to the ocean and with the same effect. Mr. Hoover uttered his moratorium without consulting Paris and the result was failure. Always there was the same idea of isolating France, but it is hard to isolate a nation which controls a million bayonets and is willing to use them.

It was the British will which cracked up with the armistice, that, after all, is the explanation of the collapse of British diplomacy in the post-war period, according to Nicolson, and there is no present indication that national resolution has been restored. After the Ruhr the British made Locarno to satisfy French desire for security, but it was, thinks Nicolson, two years too late. By that time French distrust had become deep-seated and German ruin too complete to be arrested. The result was Hitler and, after Hitler, one may discover in the latest moves of British diplomacy the same reluctant but inescapable drift back toward France.

Against post-war diplomacy Nicolson detects a contemporary reaction—"there is a tendency today to react against the unctuous inertia, the flood-lit self-righteousness, the timid imprecisions, the ap-

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palling amateurishness of democratic diplomacy in favor of the efficient and professional methods of the old." He does not go all the way with this reaction, he does not forget the private deals of Lansdowne and Grey with the French which tied British hands in July, 1914. Like Curzon, however, he confesses to a horror of diplomacy by conference. He would have negotiation secret and professional, he would have ratification open and above board with all the cards on the table. Even if he regrets the result, he still regards the example of America and the Treaty of Versailles as illustrative of the proper method.

I have lingered so long over the larger aspects of Mr. Nicolson's book that I can only devote a brief word to that portion of it devoted to Curzon personally, which is both good biography and vastly amusing narrative. Three ambitions Curzon cherished, possibly from the cradle: to be Viceroy of India; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and, last of all, Prime Minister. The first two he attained, the last slipped from his hand just as it seemed finally in his grasp.

Yet, despite his great qualifications Curzon was a success neither in India nor in the Foreign Office. His mind was proconsular but his performances were often preposterous. He left India, quarrelling with Kitchener over a relatively minor detail after having yielded in a matter of principle. The next ten years he spent in the wilderness. Asquith would not use him even in the war. When at last he crept back to be Balfour's assistant in the Foreign Office, he returned satisfied that while a politician may risk resignation a mere public man never can. Thus, although he often resigned he always recalled his resignation precipitately.

Publicly Lloyd George frequently treated him rudely. For long, he was ignored, sitting solitary in Whitehall while Lloyd George and Balfour made peace in Paris. He saw their mistakes but could do nothing about it. Then at last he succeeded Balfour as Foreign Secretary. Typical of the man is Nicolson's story of his first entrance into his new office with his private secretary. On his desk he found something which puzzled him. Thereat he broke out—

> My inkstand, Mr. Clerk? I am dumbfounded. You assure me that this object is the inkstand of the Secretary of State. It must be replaced immediately. When I was in the Privy Council Office I was furnished with an inkstand of crystal and silver. This contraption, if I may say so, is merely brass and glass.

Treasured in the archives of the "F. O." is the legend of Curzon's visit to the Front during the war and his inspection of the soldiers' baths which wrung from him the comment—"Dear me, I had no conception that the lower classes had such white skins." Only less memorable was his concern lest the end of the war should be celebrated like the relief of Mafeking by a "beano" which he pronounced *beáhno* and identified as Italian. And although he always denied these tales, Curzon frequently repeated them.

The Achilles' heel of his hero, Nicolson concedes, was his lack of all sense of proportion. His desire was to be as strong in small things as in big but in his effort to be strong in small things he was often merely grotesque. He was also a "bad" European, he felt contempt and annoyance for the colonial ambitions of other countries, toward whom his attitude was Roman. The French pretensions in particular annoyed him, and, in addition, French colonial officials had treated him with discourtesy in Indo-China. His heart was in the British Empire, which he knew. For him the imperial mission of his country was divinely ordered.

This strange career ended in tragedy. When Bonar Law, the hand of death upon him, resigned, there seemed to Curzon no one, literally no one save himself, to go to Downing Street. He awaited the call of the King. He was summoned to London by the King's secretary, but when he arrived, responding to what he believed was the conventional message, he found he had been passed over and Stanley Baldwin was to be Prime Minister. On that news he broke down and cried. He lived some months thereafter. He bore himself with dignity, but the blow had been mortal.

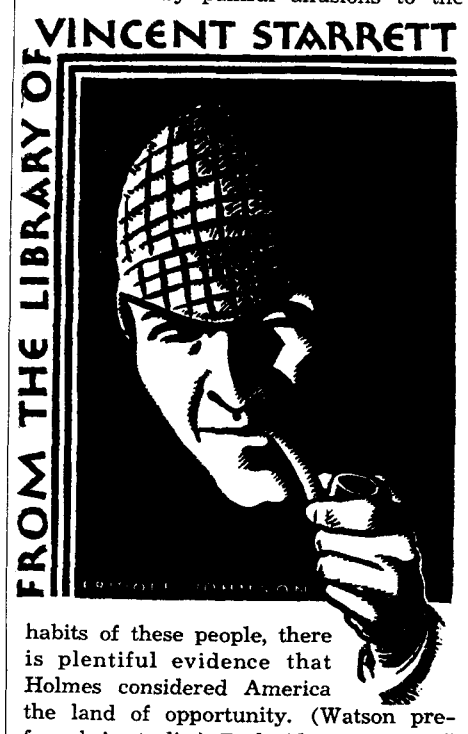
The Bowling Green

Was Sherlock Holmes an American?

II.

IN the *Bruce-Partington Plans* one of our most suggestive passages occurs. "You have never had so great a chance of serving your country," cries Mycroft. But is Holmes moved by this appeal? "Well, well!" he said "shrugging his shoulders." All emotions, we know, were abhorrent to that cold, precise mind,[25] and certainly militant patriotism among them; at any rate until many years later when bees, flowers, Sussex, and long association with the more sentimental Watson had softened him to the strange outburst about "God's own wind" on the terrible night of August 2nd, 1914.[26]—Plainly he resented Mycroft's assumption that England was his only country. Mycroft, seven years older, had earlier outgrown the Franco-American tradition of the family. If Mycroft had ever been in the States he had striven to forget it; indeed no one can think of Mycroft without being reminded (in more respects than one) of the great expatriate Henry James.[27]

That Holmes had a very special affection and interest in regard to the United States is beyond question. He had much reason to be grateful to American criminals, who often relieved him from the ennui of London's dearth of outrage. The very first case recorded by Watson was the murder of Enoch J. Drebber, the ex-Mormon from Cleveland. Irene Adler, *the* woman, was a native of New Jersey. In the Red-Headed League the ingenious John Clay represented the League as having been founded by the eccentric millionaire Ezekiah Hopkins of Lebanon, Pa., "U.S.A." In the Orange Pips, Elias Openshaw emigrated to Florida, rose to be a Colonel in the C.S.A. and made a fortune. Although Watson tries to prejudice the reader by painful allusions to the



habits of these people, there is plentiful evidence that Holmes considered America the land of opportunity. (Watson preferred Australia.) Both Aloysius Doran[28] and John Douglas[29] had struck it rich in California. Senator Neil Gibson,[30] "iron of nerve and leathery of conscience," had also made his pile in gold mines. Hilton Cubitt, the Norfolk squire, had married a lovely American woman;[31] and Holmes was glad to be able to save Miss Hatty Doran from Lord St. Simon who was not worthy of her.[32] He yawns sardonically at the *Morning Post's* social item which implies that Miss Doran will gain by becoming the wife of a peer. That case is a high point in Holmes's transatlantic sympathy. He praises American slang, quotes Thoreau, shows his knowledge of the price of cocktails, and utters the famous sentiment:—

> "It is always a joy to meet an American, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a minister in far-gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same world-wide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes."

Which reminds one obviously of the fact that when Holmes disguised himself as Mr. Altamont of Chicago, the Irish-American agitator, to deceive Von Bork, he greatly resembled the familiar cartoons of Uncle Sam.[33] He visited Chicago again in 1912-13 to prepare himself for this role; I wish Mr. Vincent Starrett would look up the details.

Holmes's fondness for America did not prevent him from seeing the comic side of a nation that lends itself to broad satiric treatment. In *The Man with the Watches*, one of the two stories outside the canon,[34] Holmes remarks of the victim "He was probably an American, and also probably a man of weak intellect." (This rhetorical device for humorous purposes was a family trait: we find it in Mycroft's description of the senior clerk at the Woolwich Arsenal—"He is a man of forty, married, with five children. He is a silent, morose man.")[35] After his long use of American cant for Von Bork's benefit Sherlock says "My well of English seems to be permanently defiled."[36] But these japes are plainly on the principle "On se moque de ce qu'on aime." He kept informed of American manners and events: when he met Mr. Leverton of Pinkerton's he said "Pleased to meet you" and alluded to "the Long Island cave mystery."[37] He knew "the American business principle" of paying well for brains.[38] He did not hesitate to outwit a rascal by inventing an imaginary mayor of Topeka—recalling for the purpose the name of the counterfeiter of Reading years before.[39] (Those who escaped him were not forgotten.) But nothing shows more convincingly his passionate interest in all cases concerning Americans than his letter about the matter of The Man with the Watches, alluded to above. Even in Tibet, where he was then travelling as "a Norwegian named Sigerson,"[40] he had kept up with the news. This was in the spring of '92; how Watson, after reading the letter in the newspaper, can have supposed his friend was really dead passes belief. There are frequent humorous allusions to American accent,[41] the shape of American shoes,[42] American spelling.[43] I suspect that Holmes's travels in these States never took him to the South or Southwest;[44] for he shows a curious ignorance of Southern susceptibilities in the matter of race,[45] and in spite of his American Encyclopaedia[46] he did not know which was the Lone Star State. Let it be noted that the part of London where he first took rooms (Montague Street, alongside the British Museum) is the region frequented more than any other by American students and tourists.

[25] *A Scandal in Bohemia.*
[26] *His Last Bow.*
[27] It is possible that Mycroft's experience had been in Canada, not the U. S. Sherlock says Mycroft was known at the Foreign Office as an expert on Canada (*The Bruce-Partington Plans*).
[28] *The Noble Bachelor.*
[29] *The Valley of Fear.*
[30] *Thor Bridge.*
[31] *The Dancing Men.*
[32] *The Noble Bachelor.*
[33] *His Last Bow.*
[34] The other is *The Lost Special;* both are to be found in *The Conan Doyle Stories,* London (John Murray) 1929. Holmes appears in both these stories by obvious allusion, but Watson suppressed them, probably because Holmes's deductions were wrong in both cases.
[35] *The Bruce-Partington Plans.*
[36] *His Last Bow.*
[37] *The Red Circle.* The mystery, on true Sherlockian principles, is that there are no caves on Long Island.
[38] *The Valley of Fear.*
[39] *The Three Garridebs, The Engineer's Thumb.*
[40] *The Empty House.*
[41] *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*
[42] *The Dancing Men, The Valley of Fear.*
[43] *The Three Garridebs.*
[44] The "remarkable case" of the venomous gila lizard (v. *The Sussex Vampire*) need not suggest Arizona. It probably came from Number 3, Pinchin Lane (*The Sign of Four*).
[45] *The Yellow Face.*
[46] *The Five Orange Pips.*

MYCROFT HOLMES
Drawing from Strand *magazine*

That Holmes was reared in the States, or had some schooling here before going up to Cambridge, seems then at least arguable. His complete silence (or Watson's) on the subject of his parents suggests that they were deceased or not in England. A foreign schooling, added to his own individual temperament, would easily explain his solitary habits at college.[47] If he had gone to almost any English school the rugger jargon of Cyril Overton would have been comprehensible to him[48] or he might have picked it up from Watson, who played for Blackheath.[49] Watson, moreover, if he knew more about Holmes's family, may have been moved by jealousy to keep silent. Already he had suffered by the contrast between the corpulent Mycroft and his own older brother, the crapulent H. W.[50] Or his neglect
have been the abser
accuracy which we
pect from good ol
were even acquired by his wife, who went so far as to forget her husband's first name and call him "James" in front of a visitor.[51] The Doctor has hopelessly confused us on even more important matters—that both Moriarty brothers were called James, for instance. Considering the evidence without prejudice, the idea that Holmes was at any rate partly American is enticing.

As Jefferson Hope said,[52] "I guessed what puzzled the New Yorkers would puzzle the Londoners." So I leave it as a puzzle, not as a proven case, for more accomplished students to re-examine. But the master's own dictum[53] is apposite:—"When once your point of view is changed, the very thing which was so damning becomes a clue to the truth."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

[47] *The Gloria Scott.*
[48] *The Missing Three Quarter.*
[49] *The Sussex Vampire.*
[50] *The Sign of Four.*
[51] *The Man with the Twisted Lip.* This was probably the cause of the first rupture between Dr. and Mrs. Watson. Has it been pointed out, by the way, that there is premonitory allusion to a second Mrs. Watson in *The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax,* where Watson evades Holmes's question as to who was his companion in the hansom? Also the Doctor had been bucking himself up with a Turkish bath.
[52] *A Study in Scarlet.*
[53] *Thor Bridge.*

Apropos of the recent celebration at Hamelin, on the Weser, of the 650th year of the legend of the Pied Piper, a correspondent to the London *Observer* has this to say: "The late Professor Silvanus Thompson investigated the whole subject and published privately the result in a small book issued to the members of the Sette of Odd Volumes. He concluded that there must be some basis of fact for the legend. Rat-charming by music is an historical fact, and in the mid-fourteenth century the country places were infested with robbers and vagabonds. It might well be, he suggested, that a rat-charming at Hamelin got mixed up in local memory with a robbery of children, and the superstition of the time adopted the legend as good anti-Devil propaganda."

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Milton in His Century

THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Vols. VII, VIII, IX, X, XIV, XV, XVI. New York: Columbia University Press. 1933 *and* 1934. $10 *per vol. Complete set of* 18 *vols.*, $105.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER M. WITHERSPOON

THE editors of the Columbia "Milton," having given us already the works of Milton the poet, the schoolmaster, the pamphleteer on social, civil, and religious questions, now present to us in the volumes under review Milton the controversialist, the Latinist, the historian, the theologian. In Volume VII we have the first "Defensio," against Salmasius, edited by Clinton W. Keyes, with a new English translation by Samuel Lee Wolff. Volume VIII contains the second Defensio, against More, edited by Eugene J. Strittmatter, with Burnett's translation, revised by Moses Hadas. Volume IX follows with Milton's defence of himself against More, with the same editor and translators. The unfinished "History of Britain" and the brief account of Muscovia occupy Volume X, edited by the late Professor Krapp. Volumes XIV, XV, and XVI are taken up with the first book of the posthumous "De Doctrina Christiana," edited, with Sumner's translation, by James Holly Hanford and Waldo Hilary Dunn.

It is hardly necessary to mention that these volumes, coming as they do from the printing-house of William Edwin Rudge, are marked by the same perfection of paper, form, and type that has already made the Columbia "Milton" one of the glories of American bookmaking. The same careful and conservative scholarship is still in force in these later volumes. The notes are limited to appendices giving the variants from other texts, and explaining alterations made in the chosen text. Volume X is the only one without an *apparatus criticus*, and Professor Krapp nowhere comments on the state of the text or mentions whether he has made any corrections in it. The publishers hope to complete the edition in 1935.

Of Milton it has been said, as of Shakespeare, that he was not of an age, but for all time. In these seven volumes, however, we have a Milton who was preëminently a child of his age. Here is Milton, the seventeenth-century Englishman, thankful, moreover, "that I was born in those times of my country when the effulgent virtue of its citizens . . . delivered the Commonwealth from a grievous domination, and religion from a most debasing thraldom." The mere enumeration of the subjects treated in these volumes indicates the versatility of the genius and the great range of the writings of the seventeenth-century man of letters. The overwhelming erudition, the hard scholarship, the very use of Latin as a medium, the academical and authoritarian cast of Milton's mind, the sordidly vituperative attacks on his enemies, are all qualities that flourished in the seventeenth century as never before or since. (The first "Defensio" was burned by the common hangman in 1660, in the best seventeenth-century fashion.) The matter, the method, the manner are of the seventeenth century.

The reader of today is likely, therefore, to find these particular volumes old-fashioned and outmoded. They lack, except in rare instances, hidden away in the erudite and fiercely polemic pages, any sparks of Milton's immortal fire. The heated and smoky controversies with Salmasius and More, the explication of Christian doctrine, the histories of Britain and Muscovy, all smell of mortality. The admirer of Milton who finds so often in Wordsworth a fine passage in praise of Milton will almost perforce fall back on another Wordsworthian line and sum up these volumes as dealing with "old, forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago." More is completely forgotten, Salmasius almost so. It is only Milton's polemics that keep even their names alive. No one now turns to Milton's history of Britain or of Muscovy for information. Even Macaulay, in urging the immortality of Milton, confessed of the "Doctrina Christiana" that "it must follow the 'Defensio Populi' to the dust and silence of the upper shelf." Upon its publication in 1825, Milton was acclaimed as a Unitarian, after having been accepted as orthodox by generations of Trinitarians. Now his "Doctrina" is forgotten even by the Unitarians.

And yet if one would know Milton, one cannot ignore these volumes. They are part and parcel of Milton as he was and is, and of the very stuff of the century which made him what he was. The passages most interesting today are those in which he voices his intense personal likes and dislikes, and in which his own invincible solemnity of conscience and his absolute faith in the God speaking within him lend universal application and significance to his prejudices. His favorite subjects appear and reappear in these pages. One comes upon his great eulogy of Cromwell in the second "Defensio," the theme of liberty appears again in the "Doctrina," and his views on marriage and divorce get themselves stated again in the "Doctrina" and in the history of Muscovia ("upon utter dislike, the husbands divorce"). In this history of Britain he can praise a good king, Alfred, "the mirror of Princes," as heartily as in his defenses he can condemn a bad one.

It is customary today to deplore as wasted the amount of time and energy that Milton gave to political controversy and theology, but Milton himself did not consider such time or energy lost. Being Milton, and living in the seventeenth century, he could not, God help him, do otherwise. Liberty—religious, domestic, and civil— needed defending, and he was the man to defend it, as he asserts in the second defense. He considered his defense of England his "noblest task." Whatever his hand found to do, he did with his might, and having put his hand to the plow, he did not look backward, or forward to posterity. With our modern custom of judging a man's work only by its value to posterity, we refuse in effect the right of a man to follow the dictates of his own heart and conscience in doing his duty as he sees it. Fight the good fight with all his might he may, of course, but consider posterity! If all Milton's pamphlets had but been turned into pentameters, and his defenses into epics, how many hells and heavens and Olympian magnificences we might have! But if he had sacrificed duty and resolution to quantities and syllables, he would not have been Milton.

The Milton of these volumes was a Puritan and a freethinker, disposed to query anything in church and state. He was a royalist— but under Oliver as royalty, not Charles. As regards a party, he seems to have been of the Milton party. The faith of Milton has now few who are strong enough to wade through his writings, few who have an education sufficiently broad to comprehend them. In these volumes, as in the others, we see Milton as a good fighter against the things he did not like, and they were many. He lacked, unfortunately, that terrific sense of humor that made Voltaire the successful iconoclast. So do most of our rebels today.

Alexander M. Witherspoon is a member of the department of English of Yale University.

Daudet's Last Years

SUFFERING. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Milton Garver. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE last fourteen years of Alphonse Daudet's life were a continuous struggle; the struggle of a heroic spirit caged in a body that was itself caught in the fearful grip of locomotor ataxia. As his limbs failed him more and more miserably, as his increasing pains demanded increased doses of chloral and morphine, as he came to realize that his body could never regain the health that it had lost, his will concentrated desperately upon retaining the health of his mind. If only he could win the battle on that front! "Since," he wrote,

> I know it will last forever—a forever which will not be very long, O my God! —I have resigned myself and, from time to time, I write these notes with the tip of a nail and drops of my blood on the walls of the *carcere duro*.

It was a desperate fight, but the mind held its sovereignty unviolated to the last. During those years of atrocious suffering, the beloved author of "Tartarin de Tarascon" and "Lettres de Mon Moulin" published novels, literary memoirs, novelettes, and short stories, as well as writing three plays entirely, and three more with the aid of a collaborator. "My friends, I am sinking, going down, struck below the water line. But with the flag nailed to the mast, full steam up and always, even in the billows, the death struggle."

The whole story of these years will probably never, and need not, be told. But the notes which compose the present volume—notes guarded piously by Madame Daudet for three decades after their author's death—reveal the nature of the man and the nature of his experience. They are scarcely pleasant, but they are certainly cathartic, reading; and there is no whining note of self-commiseration in them. Like the soldier under fire, Daudet found relief in humor at his own expense; and, like the soldier too, he could laugh at the grotesque antics of his fellow victims, as he observed them in the therapeutic baths of Paris, or at Néris and Lamalou. But seldom, if ever, was there unkindness in his laughter. And from the escape of humor, from the wry consolation of ironic notes jotted down for possible future elaboration, he turns to face his destiny with steady eyes; he turns to embrace pain bravely with both hands, that he may wrest from it whatever good lies at the heart of the evil.

It is an extraordinary document that Mr. Garver has translated at Madame Daudet's request; having read it, one can never approach the creator of "Tartarin" with quite so blithe and careless a spirit as before. One must always be aware of the trial by fire which lay ahead of him, and through which he passed so nobly, leaving his disjointed record of that trial as a legacy to other sufferers. To a reviewer who has not seen the French original, the translator's work seems well done, with only an occasional infelicity. And this English edition is enriched by an appendix, containing an article on Daudet, by Proust, published in 1897, and a fervent appreciation of the author by the secretary who served him during his last years, André Ebner.

A Reporter in Revolt

FROM BROADWAY TO MOSCOW. By Marjorie E. Smith. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by LINCOLN STEFFENS

GOOD title, that, descriptive, fetching, repelling, a classification. No review could tell you much more, nor an ad. It's a Broadway reporter's kicking account of her rebellious journey backwards, third-class, hard, from her Broadway and the Broadway state of mind to Moscow and the Moscow change of—heart. How she hated it! It "got" her finally. The cost was high—her lover's life —but in the end that spit-fire non-communist admits reluctantly, emotionally, that she thinks maybe she understands Communist Russia—a little.

Marjorie Smith went to Russia, in the first place, because she married the cartoonist Ryan Walker, an American communist, who had been appointed a delegate to a communist convention in Moscow. She had no interest in communism, according to her own wise-cracking account; she was a typical politically illiterate bourgeois American, "a pain in the neck" to Walker and the whole delegation. She discovered in Finland that there was such a thing as fascism and that fascism wasn't red like communism. She goes on discovering things like that, and as she discovers, in some cases she raises hell with the communists; in others—.

It starts as soon as she gets into Russia. Some of her ideas are knocked out at the beginning. She finds, for instance, that not all Russians have long black beards; the first Russian she saw on the border was a tall, smiling, handsome, blond Red Army man. He had sex appeal. Her amazement at this, as at other such discoveries, is charming. She finds that she doesn't always travel in the same compartment or get a bed in the same room, as her husband; often the women sleep together, and the men together, and if there's a man over in the men's section he comes in with the women and doggone it, it's all right.

Miss Smith expected some bulge, some privilege as the wife of a distinguished communist in the Soviet Union. She found instead that neither he nor his friends could get her a single advantage. She couldn't even get a bed; she had to stay with someone who had one. (She stayed with Bill Shatoff's wife.) She couldn't go to Siberia with her husband on a delegation. No one knew anything about the wife of Comrade Walker.

Left alone in Moscow she went around and visited and lived with people; lived their lives and began to understand them, kicking all the time. Some of her wisecracks went all over Moscow. Some laughed at them, others shut up. They couldn't deal with them. She found she had to learn the Russian for tomorrow, soon, the day after tomorrow. She had to walk (her poor feet!); every place was as far away as are places in Washington or New York. Or she had to crowd into tramcars with Red Army gazettes tickling her nose. And she tells how moral are the immoral Russians, how happy the kids in their expert parent neglect.

Some of her experiences are very real. She undertook to get a contract carried out for some expert American shoemakers who had come to Russia to teach the Russians our methods. It took weeks, and more weeks. She had every possible adventure, including success. She did get it done—finally. One sees through her eyes what the Russians are really up against with their own people, what they have to reform. It turns out to be the bureaucracy, the officials.

Miss Smith finds out that the Russians know they haven't got communism yet, that they are still up against the State. For communism to be successful the State will have to have withered away and died.

The interesting story is told for the first time in this book of the failure to make the Negro movie, for which a number of American Negroes went to Russia. The real reasons are given convincingly. A German communist director who had been to Africa and read many books on Negro life had written the scenario, and it had no relation to Negro life in America. Many hands doctored it, but it had to be scrapped.

Walker comes back to Moscow, sick, and goes to hospital. Miss Smith learns all about hospitals and nurses and doctors. That was fine. But Walker died. And she begins to get a glimpse of the fire and the faith that communists live for. Every bourgeois American who didn't marry Walker and go to Russia, who knows why he doesn't like the Soviet Union, should read this book.

"I believe that this is a book which may enter richly into the experience of our time, in order to make more possibe a future livable by human beings . . . A magnificent book . . . a work of art."
—WALDO FRANK, NEW REPUBLIC

Lewis Mumford's
TECHNICS and CIVILIZATION

Illustrated, $4.50

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The New Books

Drama

WITH A RECKLESS PREFACE. Two Plays by John Howard Lawson. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

The "reckless preface" of the title is by Mr. Lawson himself, and is an attack on the play-reviewers of the newspapers. It appears that they had unanimously "panned" the two plays in the volume, "Gentlewoman" and "The Pure in Heart," when they were produced last year. It is difficult for us to see why Mr. Lawson should feel so reckless about this preface, wherein he proclaims that the reviewers are neither responsible nor critics and points out that they are important as advertising media. We agree with him there —second nights of shows that have had the usual dose of superlatives are very different from second nights of shows that have been panned.

Mr. Lawson's attack is weakened by the plays he offers—if he was reckless it was in printing them, dreary proofs that he is subject to the same maladies of vulgarity and sentimentality. "The Pure in Heart" is about a young chorus girl and a young thug, whose purity consists in their moral under-development, and who lose life (but not purity in this sense) in the capitalist stews of Manhattan. "Gentlewoman" is about a capitalist lady who is thwarted by her capitalist life. She has a passing affair with a vagabond poet who turns communist in the end, and goes West, like any fad-ridden young instructor of English, to find reality haranguing strikers. His gentlewoman is as gentle as the last show-queen you saw smirking, in her rhinestones, before a set of "early American antiques." Solemn, arty-movie clichés, both of them, without a spark of life to bless themselves with. When will the "Marxists" tumble to the fact that there is no magic in the formulas of their sect? And that to be shallow and doctrinaire is just as boring as to be shallow and cynical?

Mr. Harold Clurman, one of the directors of the Group Theatre, which produced "Gentlewoman" last year, contributes a foreword, in which with the utmost judiciousness, he says nothing whatever.

F. F.

Fiction

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE. By Maurice Walsh. Stokes. 1934. $2.50.

If on a leisurely summer day one wants a pleasant hour's reading of an entertaining and quite undemanding character, and if, also, one likes the typically Irish turn of dialogue and activity, then here is a book to be recommended. Its plot attempts to combine pure romance with a murder mystery, and would perhaps succeed quite well in doing so except for the fact that the murderer-villain is fairly easily decided upon by the reader at an early point, so that the working out of the romance soon takes the centre of the stage. While all this is handled on a frankly superficial plane and without any reality of agitation, there is yet offered considerable amusement in the never-failing Irish banter and in the fund of humorous Irish tales always ready to be poured forth. Interest also is genuine in the picture that develops of an itinerant tinker's life in the van and on the road. Beyond all this, either in characterization or in depth of plot, the book does not attempt to go; neither as to its hero, Rogue Stuart, whose tragic past is touched upon only as a setting for his escape from despair into a new happiness, nor as to its heroine whose unhappy married life leaves her, after her husband's murder, ready to be the touchstone for Rogue's fresh start in life as well as for her own. The story is capably written, but frankly light in weight.

M. C. D.

FRIENDS AND ROMANS. By Virginia Faulkner. Simon & Schuster. 1934. $2.

This story of a famous woman pianist, who goes to Italy to recuperate from her life and loves, is fresh and gay, and mostly very amusing. One of those international farces of the higher Bohemia, "Friends and Romans" is like a series of scandalous anecdotes which would be more interesting if one knew the people involved, but which nevertheless have the advantage of being told by a very charming young lady. Miss Faulkner occasionally relies too much on charm, however; she doesn't edit her wisecracks, with the result that the good ones suffer from juxtaposition with some very feeble efforts indeed; and that there seems a straining for sophistication when the best quality of the novel is its artlessness. Miss Faulkner, according to the publicity, has not been bored since she was twenty. (She is now twenty-one.) Unfortunately this means that she is sometimes more easily amused than her readers. There is even one promising character whom she forgets all about in the general hilarity. But the good things in the book more than compensate for the bad, and "Friends and Romans" is the brightest thing that has come our way this summer.

G. S.

Miscellaneous

ROMANTIC COPPER: Its Lure and Lore. By Ira B. Joralemon. Appleton-Century. 1934. $3.

To those misguided persons who think that all the romance of mining is in hunting for gold, this book on copper, by an eminent mining engineer with a flair for writing, is offered as an adventure story as enthralling as any to be found. It is a tale of braggadocio and chicanery, of good luck and bad luck, and of high purpose and sound engineering which have all gone into the developing of the world's great copper supplies, mostly in the United States, and made possible our modern "Electrical Age."

The story starts fifty centuries ago with the mining of copper on the island of Cyprus (which gave the metal its name) and tells of the rediscovery of these deposits after they had been lost for twenty centuries! Rediscovered, too, because a girl was late for her date with an engineer. Then there is Rio Tinto, in Spain; mined in pre-Roman and Roman times, it is still exploited, and today steam shovels still occasionally tear into the oaken timbers of a Roman shaft. On this continent the Indians mined copper before white men ever set foot over here, but it took nearly two hundred years and wild tales of mountains of copper and silver before the deposits were opened up into the great Montana copper mines. Butte, and the "Richest Hill on Earth" provide the setting for almost incredible tales of bribery,

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAN WITH THE WAX FACE *Richard Wormser* (Smith & Haas: $2)	New York police force, without special help, solve murders of broker, radical, and ex-convict.	Proves that "hard-boiled" mystery can be amusing, exciting, and realistic without sewer gas infusion.	First Class
THE BADDINGTON HORROR *Walter S. Masterman* (Dutton: $2.)	Sir Arthur Sinclair refuses to believe obvious evidence when revengeful lag murders retired Judge Ferber.	Old master Masterman falls short of best in tangled tale that moves too slowly to outpace disbelief.	Fair
DEATH MEETS THE KING'S MESSENGER *Gilbert Collins* (Crime Club: $2.)	Inquiry agent Carding, Scotland Yard, and Sûreté, all give tongue when Col. Gordon, bearing "papers," is murdered in Southampton bus.	Plenty of action animates fantastic plot and stills criticism while hustling reader over illogical bumps.	Lively

NEW SCRIBNER BOOKS

"This is the first time the old South has really been alive since it fell."
—*Allen Tate.*

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the new novel by

Stark Young

Author of "Heaven Trees," etc.

"The book is superb. There has never been a novel of the South in the Civil War that can compare with it. Every character is alive and of full stature, yet none is magnified beyond natural proportions. And the background is woven of light and dusk — an artistic triumph."—*ELLEN GLASGOW.*

$2.50

Pirate Junk

Five Months Captivity with Manchurian Bandits

by Clifford Johnson

"It has an epic quality. . . . A gallant story told simply and authentically. . . . An exciting book, worth reading."—*Lewis Gannett in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Illustrated. $2.50

The Monkey's Tail

by Rebecca Scarlett

Wise, "almost ugly," altogether fascinating. Sandra Ladd knew that she was an alien in a world made by men for men. Could she make her natural self at home in this man's world? This is the story of her four years' experiment in happiness. $2.50

Red Thunder

by Roy S. Durstine

An American business man describes his experiences in Soviet Russia, Germany, and Vienna.

"Refreshingly different."—*New York Sun.* $2.00

The Saga of the Comstock Lode *by* Geo. D. Lyman

More excitement than you can shake a stick at. An epic of the West in bonanza days. *Illustrated.* $3.50

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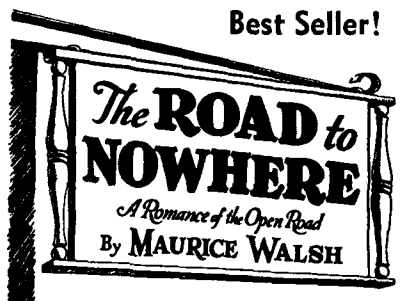

William Lyon Phelps says: "Maurice Walsh is a master of romance and 'The Road to Nowhere' is sheer delight." $2.50

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See Personals this issue for full description

What do YOU Think?

Somerset Maugham's front page article in this issue of the Review is the fourth of a series by well-known authors concerning their own methods of writing. Already, the articles have attracted no little attention. We attach a few recent comments:

From the Executive Office of a Well-known University . . .

"Let me say that the articles from authors dealing with their own methods of work . . . interest me very much and I hope the series will be a long one."—D. T.

A Librarian Likes the Adams Article . . .

"I like very much the articles by famous authors as to their methods (e. g. "My Methods as a Historian" by James Truslow Adams)."—R. E. McK.

Of Real Value . . .

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25 West 45th St., New York City

Double-Crostics: Number 18

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 113-57-45-3-94. Acknowledge, submit.	_ _ _ _ _
II. 37-77-4-46. Heroic composition.	_ _ _ _
III. 7-44-93-18-1-14-108-39-65. Suspension of hostilities.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 34-102-29-9-52-68. Hardy growth; economy.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 54-78-98-12-26-40-110. Fall-blooming crocus.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 70-67-38-13-32-80. Ascends; originates.	_ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 101-58-96-15. Brief business message.	_ _ _ _
VIII. 27-50-51-43-20-75-63. Barrenness.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 16-91-109-64. Not distant; almost.	_ _ _ _
X. 74-2-31-49. To couple, connect; a coupling.	_ _ _ _
XI. 76-99-92-90-85-106-71. Addressing in public (colloq.).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 95-33-88-81-24-61-21-73. Not invited.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 82-53-59-25. Goddess of victory.	_ _ _ _
XIV. 83-47-28-8-19-60 To eat greedily.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 66-86-104. One of the human limbs.	_ _ _
XVI. 23-17-56-48-36. To give strength or courage.	_ _ _ _ _
XVII. 87-41-97-111-72-103-69. Of uncertain issue.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 11-84-100-6. An orchestral instrument.	_ _ _ _
XIX. 42-89-5-79. American painter 1867-).	_ _ _ _
XX. 107-105-35-10-62-30-22-112-55. Daniel Webster's college.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

1	2	■	3	4	5	6	■	7	■	8	9
10	■	11	12	■	13	14	15	16	17	■	18
■	19	20	21	■	22	23	24	25	26	■	27
■	28	29	30	31	32	33	■	34	35	36	37
■	38	■	39	40	41	42	43	■	44	45	46
47	48	49	50	■	51	52	■	53	■	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	■	62	63	■	64	65
66	67	68	69	■	70	71	72	73	74	■	75
76	■	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	■	84	85
86	87	■	88	89	90	■	91	■	92	93	■
94	95	96	97	■	98	99	100	101	■	102	103
104	105	106	■	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	■

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 17)
MARLOWE—"HERO AND LEANDER"

Who builds a palace and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!
Lone women like to empty houses perish.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

corruption, litigation, and guerilla warfare that Heinze, Daly, and Senator Clark brought about in their fight to dominate the mines, and the state. Bill Greene of Cananea is here, and his rocket rise to fame, fortune, and power, and the dramatic kick fate gave him when he got to the top. Then there is John Boddie, who believed a swindler, but was rewarded nearly twenty years later with a fortune from Ajo.

These are the swashbuckling stories of gambler's fortune, but there are also tales of sound engineering achievement by which tremendous difficulties were surmounted by such men as Greenway who made Ajo, Jackling who showed how to mine low grade copper ores, Dr. Douglas of Bisbee, Dr. Ricketts who saved Cananea, and others too numerous to mention. Read the book, and you'll learn how they made mines out of mountains of rock in the far places of the earth!

S. F. K.

I COMMIT TO THE FLAMES. By Ivor Brown. Harpers. 1934. $2.

This writer speaks vigorously for a large inarticulate majority of decent and sensible people who look on current fads and fashions with distaste or disgust. He deplores the sexual vulgarity of the screen and the popular magazine. He laughs at the pompous absurdities of the Freudians. He sniffs at the pretensions of post-war literature. Hemingway, with his "idealization of hairy he-men," becomes for him a bore because his is the "romanticism of the schoolboy equipped with a prose style which deserves an adult theme." He fails to revere the antics of Messrs. T. S. Eliot and E. E. Cummings, or the ingenuities of Ezra Pound. The spectacle of D. H. Lawrence being interpreted as a major prophet makes him see red. He cries out, he repeats himself, till we wish he had been content with the delicious summary from which his analysis of Lawrence takes off: "There are people who must always be rubbing themselves against the infinite, like cows against a fence. Lawrence was of that kind."

He is not always good-natured, either, about other persons and matters. He is, as one English critic has said, "a grand inveigher." Perhaps that is what we need as much as anything in the neutral and ingratiating atmosphere of current criticism. Being bland and tolerant and painstakingly urbane may be all very pleasant, but it does not get us much of anywhere. In our anxiety to do everybody justice, adding the benefit of the doubt, we incline to kowtow to a pretentious and trivial minority. Ivor Brown feels no obligation toward persons and intentions. We for one are obliged to him for blurting out the truth as he sees the truth. It is high time somebody went off the handle and spoke out about the spiritual paltriness of a sex-obsessed Lawrence, the immaturity of a Caliban-worshipping Hemingway, or the clever fatuity of a Noel Coward: and in general the insignificance, for the present and the future, of those novelties which now absorb the energies and the admiration of a noisy few.

H. W. B.

SAINTS OF CHAOS. By Peter Oliver. Illustrated by H. Glintenkamp. Payson. 1934. $2.50.

The title of this book refers to a theory running about in contemporary thought, namely, that we live nowadays in a mental and spiritual chaos and the age is all at sea, in contrast to past ages, notably the Middle Ages, when there was unity in outlook and feeling and men were agreed on fundamentals. The breakup of this unity began with the Renaissance and Reformation. Of Mr. Oliver's five saints Luther broke the religious unity; Galileo set the souls of men adrift by proving the earth no center of anything; "Beethoven is the great figure of the change in art from the classic art of unity to the romantic art of diversity"; Watt and his steam engine opened the way to the sinister age of machines and all the social upsetting it has involved. Luther, Galileo, and Beethoven changed men's minds and hearts, Watt changed the material features of life. Finally Thomas Hobbes foresaw the Leviathan state, absolute and inevitable. Into all five portraits Mr. Glintenkamp has introduced appropriate symbols; under the portrait of Hobbes he has placed the fasces of the Fascists, the swastika of the Nazis, the hammer and sickle of the Bolsheviks, as well as the pathetically reaching hands and the huge clenched fist and beyond them the regimented masses.

The doctrine behind is something like this: Unity comes from a vital current so strong that it absorbs the diversities. The movement slows up, subsides, the vitality fades, but a crust has formed which keeps the shape but grows dry, hard, and thin. Then a new movement starts from within, the crust breaks up, and all is confusion. The leaders who first break through the crust are the Saints of Chaos.

It would seem logical if Mr. Oliver should regard Hobbes as a saint making for order rather than disorder, his absolute state as the needed medicine, and the modern dictatorships, with their symbols and apotheoses of the state, as the prophetic signs of unity returning. But he weakens on that point. We all do, if we are honest. He believes that only ideals survive and his ideals are those of a liberal. "One vital personality upsets the whole historical apple cart of tendencies and evolutions." That was Carlyle's doctrine also. The trouble is that historical tendencies and evolutions are not an apple cart and cannot be upset, so long as one generation succeeds another and inherits anything from it.

A. W. C.

Brief Mention

Among the books at hand this month in the field of history and the social sciences are first of all a valuable *Economic Handbook of the Pacific Area,* edited by Frederick V. Field with a foreword by Newton D. Baker. "Here in one volume are the facts about population, land, food, minorities, finance, and trade for the nations and colonies surrounding the Pacific Ocean." This comprehensive manual is enriched by elaborate indices, bibliographies, and statistical tables (Doubleday, Doran, $5). *Race Consciousness and the American Negro* is a study of the correlation between the group experience and the fiction of 1900-1930 by Rebecca Chalmers Barton. It is published by Arnold Busk at Copenhagen. * * * Alexander Hamilton's *Papers on Public Credit, Commissions and Finance* have not been easily available in spite of their importance as foundation stones of our political economy. They have now been edited by Samuel McKee, Jr., of Columbia and are published in a single volume by the Columbia University Press ($3). * * * From the press of Joseph Graham, 17 Vandewater Street, New York City, comes an attractive volume called *Indian Life of Long Ago in the City of New York,* by R. P. Bolton, with numerous illustrations.

Latest Books Received

INTERNATIONAL

The Spirit of Modern France. H. Hill. Foreign Policy Association and World Peace Foundation. 50 cents.

JUVENILE

Robin on the Mountain. C. M. Simon. Dutton. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

New Life on the Most Ancient East. V. G. Childe. Appleton. *It's Up to You.* San Francisco: Dunn. $1. *Laughing This Way.* M. B. Bruère and M. R. Beard. Macmillan. $4.

RELIGION

Church Unity Movements in the United States. H. P. Douglass. Institute of Social and Religious Research. $3.

SCIENCE

Economic Plants. E. E. Stanford. Appleton.

TRAVEL

Things Seen in the Chateaux Country. Capt. L. Richardson. Dutton.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

INN-BY-THE-SEA, 20 miles east of Watch Hill, R. I. Motor destination Matunuck—P. O. Wakefield, R. I. R.R. Westerley, Kingston Jc., or Wakefield, R. I. Room and Board $21 wk. up. No extras. Free guest use of private bathing beach; bathhouses; inlet pond for crabbing; boats; tennis court; 125 acre private fish and game preserve; good fishing; library several thousand volumes. Electricity; hot and cold water; some private baths; fresh farm vegetables and fruits; gracious atmosphere. Generous discount for all season guests; also free season subscription summer theatre. Write now for reservations to THE INN-BY-THE-SEA, Wakefield, R. I.

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FEMININE FOLLY. I have Ph.D. but no job. Seek something in hostess-companion line. Good at driving car, contract, dancing. Age 25, spirit adventurous. Go anywhere. Box 859.

I. N. A. Waiting patiently. Hast writer's cramp? Did photos arrive? Box 860.

COLLEGE biology teacher, 32, feminine gender, high school and library experience, versatile and intelligent, pedagogical past notwithstanding; can change tires, type, file, check invoices. Wants work: laboratory assistant, secretary, travelling companion, tutor. Box 862.

YOUNG MAN wishes position as companion. Would travel. Small salary expected. Box 861.

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

AFRICA AND SCANDINAVIA

Mrs. R. W. T. of Bedford, Iowa, *wants a list of late books on Africa and the Scandinavian countries. "I would like," she says, "to have the lists include both travel and fiction if possible."*

I DON'T know—Somehow as we sat down to write, we sloughed off our editorial personality and instinctively reverted to the first person. It's because, we imagine, in the months that have passed since first we started the Clearing House we have had so many pleasant letters from correspondents that we have come to feel we are addressing friends, not a "public." And so, after this momentary lapse to the plural, we shall abandon it permanently for the more informal I.

To begin again. I don't know why it is that Africa always exerts so great a pull upon the imagination, but the mere mention of the name awakes a thrill of anticipation. I hope Mrs. R. W. T. is planning to go there, and wants books by way of preparation for the trip. There's one that came out three or four years ago which would make so excellent a point of departure for her reading that I mention it even if it's not recent, Julian Huxley's AFRICA VIEW (Harpers), a book which presents the reactions of a scientist and a mind much concerned with problems of education to the Dark Continent. Just a short time ago there appeared an intensely personal chronicle full of fascinating detail, NO ONE TO BLAME (Minton, Balch), by M. C. Hubbard. Mrs. Hubbard was a Canadian who conveyed herself and her two small boys to the Rhodesian hinterland, and there lived in close association with the native population the while her husband was hunting wild animals for zoos. Zoos brings to mind another book of considerable interest, J. H. Driberg's ENGATO: THE LION CUB (Dutton), which incidentally to its account of the baby lion gives descriptions of the Lango country in which he lived. A painful picture (but I suppose Mrs. R. W. T. will want the grim as well as the picturesque in her reading) of conditions in Africa is presented in WILD DEER, the volume in which R. Hernekin Baptist records his experiences when he, himself a colored singer and musician, went to Africa to make studies of Negro music. Not long ago I read in galley form an impressive novel with Africa as background which, however, is not to be published until September. BLACK GOD (Longmans, Green) it's called, and its scene is laid in the Congo. Miss Manners-Sutton, its author, has lived in that country herself, and she has managed to invest her story with a portentous and brooding atmosphere. The only other recent novel of Africa I know at first hand is Sarah Gertrude Millin's THE SONS OF MRS. AAB (Liveright) and a pretty somber story it is. It has, however, the authentic South African background for which Mrs. Millin can be counted on.

Now for the Scandinavian countries. The best book on Sweden to have appeared for the general reader is Agnes Rothery's SWEDEN: THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE (Viking). It has excellent chapters on the life and customs of the country in addition to general description, and has too a comprehensive bibliography. Altogether it is the ideal book for the prospective traveller.

There doesn't seem to be anything as recent on Norway or Denmark, but C. Holland's DENMARK: ITS LAND AND ITS PEOPLE (Dodd, Mead) and S. J. Beckett's FJORDS AND FOLK OF NORWAY (Dodd, Mead) ought to fill the bill for those countries. If I were Mrs. R. W. T. I'd read Selma Lagerlöf's MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD (Doubleday, Doran), to revert to Sweden for a moment, just by way of catching some of the feeling of life in that country as it was lived by a sensitive child brought up in cultured and comfortable surroundings. Of course of her novels it's unnecessary to make mention. If Mrs. R. W. T. wants a recent Swedish novel she might read Gösta Larsson's OUR DAILY BREAD (Vanguard), in which the daily life of a workingman's family in a small town is pictured. For Norway there's a new Knut Hamsun, THE ROAD LEADS ON (Coward-McCann), more chronicles of Segelfoss in Hamsun's best vein, and Ronald Fangen's fine DUEL (Viking) in which, however, the background is of less importance than the psychological conflicts it portrays. Alas, I don't know any immediately recent novel of Denmark.

FIGHTING NAVIES

B. T. of Juneau, Alaska, *is in search of a successor to* THE NAVAL POCKET BOOK, *edited by Sir Laird Clowes of the British Navy in collaboration with naval experts of other nations, and formerly published annually in England. He says he understands "that since the passing of the distinguished author a somewhat similar publication has taken its place" which he wants if it contains the disposition and relative strength of the navies of the world. He also desires "a fairly accurate account of the First World War."*

Nothing could be further from my knowledge than such a naval manual. Indeed, my nearest acquaintance with the navy is watching the battleships which have recently been lying in the Hudson River, and gazing down from my window on Riverside Drive alive with the throng of visitors, and dotted with sailors and their girls ambling about hand in hand. So I took a short cut to the information I wanted and called up the always kind Captain Riesenberg. He didn't need any reference book to help him out, but cited immediately over the telephone JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS, edited by O. Parkes, and published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 100 Southwalk Street, London. As to the volume on the World War which B. T. wants—and so ominously qualifies as a book on the *First* World War—the best single volume of the sort is Carlton J. Hayes's BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR (Macmillan). It is remarkable how broad a survey Mr. Hayes manages to get between the covers of his book. It has, too, an excellent bibliography.

A SAD OMISSION

Oh, woe is me, that I who have loved the tales of James Fenimore Cooper all my reading days should have forgotten in writing the other day of novels with a Hudson River setting his SANANSTOE, "the best novel with a Hudson River setting I've ever read, and one of the best books he ever wrote," says J. De Lancey Ferguson, who called the omission to my attention. And he adds, "His other books in the Littlepage group, THE CHAINBEARERS and THE REDSKINS also have Hudson Valley settings." Well, anyway, I wonder whether when he was a child one of Mr. Ferguson's favorite outdoor sports was playing LAST OF THE MOHICANS in the woods in summer, and over the fields in winter. I've never yet discovered whether it's true that a woman breaks a branch upward and a man bends it down. That's the way, if you remember, Cora was traced.

SHAKESPEARE AUTHORITIES

A little over a month ago I published an answer to the inquiry of *M. H. F. of Oak Park, Ill.*, and carelessly, in citing authorities on Shakespeare in response to her query, forgot for a moment the fact that she stipulated that they should be "living" and inserted the name of Ashley Thorndike. The oversight has called forth two letters, containing suggestions I think should be passed on to M. H. F. The first is from *Louis C. Jones of The Institute, Syracuse University Extension*, who states that "of the Shakespearean scholars of note mention should not neglect Dr. Joseph I. Adams, sometime Professor of English at Cornell, now director of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D. C." The second is from a former member of the faculty of Wellesley College:

> I worked in the Elizabethan field with Dr. Neilson and Ashley Thorndike, now gone into higher research. I doubt not that they would agree with my belief that, in this country, George Lyman Kittredge, of Harvard, and Felix Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, have no rivals as scholars, especially in their knowledge of the immortal William and his plays, not to mention his poems, in various forms, and the times and contemporaries that helped to develop his genius. I studied with them both and can testify from personal knowledge, as well as opinion. I was so fortunate as to know George Herbert Palmer and Le Baron Russell Briggs, both recently deceased. They felt, as I feel, that Professor Kittredge is "at the head of his class."

AN ELEMENTARY MANUAL

C. H. of Mohler, Wash., asks for an authoritative work on mental diseases. He will find Bernard Hart's THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INSANITY (Macmillan) an adequate introduction for the layman.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THE AMERICAN MUSE

I SHALL probably be accused of favoritism in reviewing a notable new book of poetry by a young American, Paul Engle, inasmuch as the back of its jacket bears a recommendation by my brother. But the actual facts are that I have met Mr. Engle, and quite casually, but twice; that my brother and I preserve our individual tastes and friends, and, although most sympathetic with each other's views in certain respects, do not often, these days, discuss modern poetry together. That is no more than the truth.

I will say at the outset, that though I approve of what Mr. Engle is trying to do I do not altogether approve of the manner in which he is doing it. I think his versification could be closer-knit and more salient. I read this book with an unusual interest, awakened by the nature of its material; but I found at the end that far too few phrases had bitten deeply into my mind. This I found particularly true in one of the poems not concerned with America, "Fire at Viareggio." Having had the honor at one time to be the husband of a great poet who from her childhood up immersed herself in Shelley, I am rather more familiar with his character and story than the average person, and I seized upon Mr. Engle's poem with avidity; for Shelley, to me, is always inspiring "material," if that be not too flat and vulgar a word—as it is—to use in connection with him. But despite some fine lines I found Mr. Engle's poem by far too nebular an hypothesis to suit me. I think he does better with concrete things; I think he does less well with matters in the nature of an exordium. Despite this, I think his book of poetry one of the most inspiriting that has come to us for some time from a younger American.

In the first place, he is one of the few contemporary poets who write about America—that is, these United States—as though they really had lived in the country! We have had plenty of poetry about New York, and some about Chicago. But that is poetry within quite a narrow compass. We have had some truly faithful New England poetry from Robert Frost, and now from the unrelated Frances Frost. But even the revolutionary poets whose knowledge of America—both its past development and its possible future—should be as profound as their certainty that they have just the proper panacea for all its ills—seem to have little grasp or none at all of its multifold spirit.

Mr. Engle, to steal the title of one of his own poems, writes a "Letter to an Elder Generation" in this book of his about America. There is a fresh high wind blowing through it, and suddenly we know that this is the eternal inspiration of our country. We can trace it to our own youth, before mere money-grubbing under a rickety social system replaced the short space of large visions.

O wood thrush crying in Kenucky hills,
O grey gull poising over Puget Sound,
Sing down our hands from cursing at the sky,
Give them again the feel of friendly ground.

And that is just what Mr. Engle's book does. He gives us the feel of the various soils of America. He knows a lot about it. He can perceive the subtle irony of "wretched murals in small-town banks, the ancient Greek acanthus Framing the Utah trail, the dignity of Cornstalk, Pontiac, American Horse Immortalized in the ads of automobiles." And in the next breath he can speak of looping a lariat across the land that shall settle across "the lifted, crashing Defiant horns of the wild American spirit And with a twist around the saddle-horn Drop it to earth." His verse is sometimes exceptionally vigorous, as when he writes of a young girl swimmer as having a

body supple as a diving otter's
Churning a wake of pale foam in the torn
And tideless estuaries of my mind.

Yet I should not misdirect you as to the content of Mr. Engle's poetry. He is no mere local bard, even though the locality be so vast a region as the whole United States. He is a young man coming rapidly to mental maturity with a proper appreciation of "the lone spirit's mad magnificence," to quote him again. He has called his book "American Song," which has led the publishers into stamping its jacket with various dies from our coinage—the American buffalo, the Indian head, the head of Liberty in her Phrygian cap, and so on. Perhaps this is a good sales policy, but it makes the book look as though it were brimming with patriotic verse of the most eagle-screaming type, which is about as far from the truth as could well be. It is brimmed with sensitive verse that often has a clear title to the name of poetry. It is full of thought and emotion not of an obvious kind.

And so, in the short space allotted to me I have tried to convey a hint, at least, that here is one of our younger poets really worth reading; a poet neither ashamed of the country in which he was born nor afraid to look it in the face; a poet who can range from stubble field to glowing planet with his own new interpretations; and a young poet possessing that exhilarating energy of youth that is not recaptured once you have come to forty year. I think he will go far along the trail!

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Are there any movie fans in the audience? If so, they have an opportunity to try for one of the hundred and fifty-seven prizes in the *Anthony Adverse* casting contest. Sponsored by Farrar & Rinehart, *Photoplay Magazine*, Postal Telegraph, and Warner Brothers (who will make the movie of *Anthony*) the Contest offers prizes ranging from a new Ford to a Pre-Vue Day-Night mirror, with amber and blue faces, enabling ladies to make up properly for artificial or natural light.

☞The dope is this. You get a ballot at any bookstore or Postal Telegraph office, or clip it out of *Photoplay*, and vote for twelve movie actors to take the parts of the twelve principal characters of *Anthony Adverse*, listed on the ballot. Winners will be rated in accordance with the similarity of their nominations to the actual cast chosen. You also have to explain within fifty words, your choice for the role of Anthony; and we are informed that neatness will be taken into consideration. You file your ballot at a bookstore or Postal Telegraph office (without charge) or mail it to *Photoplay*. The contest closes September 15.

☞Quercus gathers from the list of prizes that the majority of winners are expected to be women. Except for the five Fords, the ten trips to the Chicago Fair, and the cash prizes which are offered, the inducements are feminine in character and appeal: a Tecla pearl necklace, six dresses, twenty prizes each consisting of forty pairs of silk stockings, and the aforementioned Day-Night mirrors, of which there are to be a hundred awarded. ☞We are somehow greatly cheered by this contest, which brings back to the book business the long lost flavor of superlatives. As a promotion stunt, it has, in the publishers' phrase, started off with a bang. Ten million ballots have been printed. There are displays in two thousand Postal Telegraph offices. These offices and bookstores are distributing circulars giving all the details of the contest. The Warner Brothers theatres are showing contest trailers.

☞Not the least remarkable achievement has been the condensation of *Anthony Adverse* into a three page synopsis, appearing in the August *Photoplay*. ☞Tip: while contestants may vote for any movie actor or actress, and "all players suggested will be duly considered," the circular points out that the availability of players not under contract to Warners will depend on their commitments elsewhere.

* *

☞Joe Consolino, New England sales representative of various publishers and of this journal, reports in a recent letter that business seems better; he sold 60% more books in a week than a year ago on the same trip. ☞Ellis K. Baker's order for fifty copies a week of the *Review* to be sent to the May Company, Los Angeles, came as a much needed stimulant on one of the Quercuses' most humid days last week. ☞It is surprising to see such musicianly publishers as Simon & Schuster letting this typographical error get in Virginia Faulkner's amusing *Friends and Romans:* Beethoven's Opus III, for Opus 111. ☞The indefatigable Walter Pitkin, who never reads second-class mail, is now going to produce some, as editor of a new magazine, *The New York Woman*.

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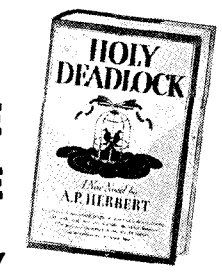

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